

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

FUNERALS.

PEOPLE have an ominous dread of encountering funerals; now, for our own part, we like to meet a funeral; and, what is more, we find a melancholy pleasure in turning round and following it. Touches of genuine nature are to be met with at a funeral. The artificial is thrown aside, the mask we all wear in the business or pleasure of life falls off, and we are able sometimes to catch occasional glimpses of men as they really are, or ought to be. We say sometimes, for there is abundance of hypocrisy at a funeral as anywhere else, but even this is worth contemplating. There is much matter for conjecture in funerals; we like to imagine that we see reflected in the faces of the mourners what manner of man was the deceased. We try to puzzle out the expression of the disappointed legatee, and the more subdued grief of him, who, having been bequeathed much, regrets that he has not got more; or of him who, having the lion's share, is yet sorrowful that he had not the good fortune to have had all. Then there are the mourners, not of hoods, scarfs, and weepers, but of the heart—mourning a loss beyond that of the world's losses—losses no world's wealth can repair. The tender, dutiful wife, the prudent, affectionate husband, the son or daughter of our youth or of our age. The parent, dropping ripe into the lap of earth, or, deeper grief, cut off in the midst of his hopes, expectations, and pursuits, leaving perhaps a young family slenderly provided for, or not at all; the attached and long-esteemed friend, the woman we loved, or could have loved. These are the griefs, various in their expression, that, surrounding the yawning grave, pay the last sad offices to the unconscious dead; then slowly, and with downcast weeping eyes, wend slowly homewards their melancholy way.

The funerals of the great, or little people who greatly unite themselves to dust, we have no sympathies with; we cannot get near enough to see of what kind of stuff their

hearts are made; mourning coaches, plumed hearses, dusky-coated mutes, and the sable pomposity of the grave, do not attract us. But we are a rare hand at ferreting out a workhouse funeral: the poor corner of a metropolitan churchyard affords us many an afternoon's melancholy entertainment. The poor talk of one another, of the dead, of their affairs, the condition of their families. There is much apparent sympathy among them; and they have no care lest their conversation should be overheard.

It was a fine summer Sabbath evening in June, and we were knocking about among the tombstones as usual, making our observations upon life and character, when our attention was arrested by a plain coffin, borne upon the shoulders of four men in black, and followed by eight chief mourners, all in decent but humble suits of sables. The chief mourners were eight children—four boys and four girls: or, to speak more correctly, three boys and three girls, with two little "toddlies," mere infants, straggling in the rear. The eldest boy and girl might have been about fifteen and fourteen years respectively; the next, twelve and eleven; the third pair between seven and eight; the youngest, as we have said, between infancy and childhood. The eyes of all spectators were upon the bereaved ones as they stood around the grave, yawning to receive their only parent and provider; and few were the dry eyes of those that beheld the melancholy group—the eldest boy looking fierce and manlike, the rest weeping bitterly, save the youngest pair, looking wonderingly around, as if marvelling what all the ceremony might mean.

"Cutting funeral, that, sir;" observed a little pursy man in black who stood near us; "werry cutting funeral, indeed," repeated the little man, blowing his nose violently.

"Who are they?" we enquired, not without anticipating something like the little domestic history we were favoured with by the nose-blowing little man in black.

"Orphans, sir—every one on 'em orphans; that's their mother as is a bein' buried, sir."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; she was a 'spectable woman—

highly 'spectable, indeed—werry virtuous, poor woman, sir—paid rates and taxes in the parish for twenty year. I ought to know it; for I'm one of the overseers—I am."

"I should like to hear something of the family."

"Should you, sir? Well, you shall hear; but it's a melancholy story—very melancholy, indeed. You must know, sir, there wasn't a more decent couple in this parish than Thomas Mason and his wife, Jane —; they were well to do, and doing well; every body respected them, for they paid their way, and was civil to their customers. Well, Thomas fell in a decline, sir, and died; but he didn't die soon enough—for his sickness wasted all their substance, and the business was neglected, so the family fell into poverty: but the poor widow struggled on, and the exertions she made to maintain them little ones was really the wonder of the neighbourhood. 'Mr. Smith,' says she to me, when I offered some relief, 'I won't trouble this world long, and parish money shall never cross my palm; but when I'm gone, you won't see my desolate orphans want a morsel of bread.' So, poor woman, she was right; for she soon sickened, and was bed-ridden for thirteen months; and them children, as you see a standin' 'round their mother's grave, worked themselves to an oil to keep her from the hospital—much more the workus. The girls worked all day; and boys and girls sat up all night, turn and turn about, with their poor mother—she was sorely afflicted, poor woman. Well, sir; when she died at last, our vicar went and offered his assistance, and told the children, of course, the parish would bury their mother; but that there obstinate boy, him that's a givin' his orders, wouldn't hear of it, and blowed up the vicar for mentioning such a thing. So the vicar comes to me, and says he, Mr. Smith, these here young Masons is the oddest babies as ever I see, for they've sold their bed and all their things to bury their mother; let's make up a purse for them, and there's my sovereign to begin with. Says I, sir, never mind, I'll bring them right; and the parish shall bury the poor woman, so that'll be so much saved: and with that I goes off to Poppin's court, and into the fust floor; there was the poor woman dead, and the room stripped of all the furniture and things. Says that there youth, 'Mr. Smith,' says he, 'I'd be very glad to see you another time, but we're in great grief for our mother bein' dead, and we hope you'll excuse us not askin' you to sit down.' Lord

4*

love you, sir, there wasn't the sign of a chair or a table in the room, nothing but the corpse, and a bit of a plank. Says I, 'my boy, I'm sorry for your grief, but I hope you wont have any objection to let the parish manage your poor mother's funeral.' With that, sir, the boy flares up like any thing, whips up a poker, and swears if he catches the parish a-comin' to touch his mother, he'll brain the lot of 'em: 'Mother lived without the parish,' says he, 'died without the parish, and she'll be buried without the parish!' With that he opens the door, and shews me down stairs as if he was a suckin' markis: that's the story on 'em, sir; and they're a riggler hindepende it lot as ever I see. God help them, poor things!"

And with this the little man blew his nose once more, as the group of motherless children, reformed in their sad order of procession, and with streaming eyes, and many repeated last looks at their mother's grave, departed to their naked home.

A MORNING IN BOW STREET.

In London, the supremacy of the law is strikingly remarkable;—the surrender of individual power is complete. Whether we contemplate the law as exhibited in preservation of the public peace, or in the protection of life and property in this vast metropolis, its operation is equally wonderful and useful. When we consider the heterogeneous character of a London population—made up, in the mass, of such incompatible materials; when we reflect that it is the asylum of the criminal, the prey of the swindler, the dupe of the quack, the hiding place of the unfortunate, the knavish and the vicious, as well as the home of honest industry and continuous toil; when we reflect how much property is accumulated in every district within the Bills of Mortality, we are amazed at the comparative infrequency of outrage and plunder, and the comparative certainty with which attempts at either are detected and suppressed.

Stand near a goldsmith's or a money-changer's window—one of those windows where gold in ingots, silver in bars, crumbs and dust of the precious metals, thousand pound notes, and every variety of the representatives of credit are displayed with, as it would seem, careless profusion, and cast an eye upon the wretches who gloat, with hungry eyes, over the mine which a strip of glass only divides from their grasp—and wonder, as we often have wondered, that that glass is seldom

F

or never broken. How often have we seen starving creatures find themselves, as it were, with the unsatisfactory spectacle of viands exhibited in open windows, or upon benches outside the tradesman's doors, yet how few, how very few, comparatively speaking, put forth the furtive hand, and pilfer that which might be life to them, but which is not theirs to take, though they have not wherewithal to buy.

Perhaps you will say, the certainty of detection is sufficient to withhold the pilfering hand: but detection, though probable, is not certain, and the love of liberty must, we should think, give place to the love of life; yet do we not know, through the medium of the public press, that hundreds, we might say thousands, in this metropolis, have retired to holes and corners to die—literally, to *die*, sooner than purchase prolonged existence at a disgraceful price; to perish sooner than to *steal*?

Therefore, for God's sake, let us not take too low an estimate of poor human nature: let us not be as brass or iron to our own flesh and blood: let us assure ourselves that the devil, in all his diversity of shapes, can assume no form more seductive to crime than poverty: and while we fill our prisons with poor rogues, and sit in our courts of justice making general jail deliveries, let us have a care that we forget not, in our haste to punish crimes, our own criminal negligence in their privations.

Let us turn now to the supremacy of the law, as exhibited in the preservation of the public peace; and confess how completely the law has emancipated itself from being in every man's hand, to make what abuse he please of it. Take a street now, for instance, —how swimmingly every thing goes on until a policeman turns the corner: what though he be the most ungainly lout (as indeed most of these functionaries are) ever captured upon the moors of Yorkshire or the fens of Allen, yet is he armed with authority, and no man dreams of opposition: not a *lettre de cachet* under the old *régime* had more absolute power: the mob, for whose capacious maw said policeman would not be a mouthful, slinks away at his approach: the combatants are effectually cowed, and neither is the better man; there stands the great officer of the law, clothed in authority and a stand-up collar, listening to the origin of the scuffle, or, as the women who expound matters choose to say, “the rights of it;” there he stands, menancing the refractory,

admonishing the quarrelsome, and dispersing the dilatory: nor does he seize the principal culprits, so long as he perceives the most remote probability of being invited to take any thing to drink. To poor tramps, as also to wretches who get a living in the open air by selling nuts and oranges, he entertains a mortal aversion; as indeed he does to all who have no money, and who by no human possibility can “stand any thing,” as the official phrase is: but to the midnight pranks of noblemen and gentlemen he is laudably indifferent. If a charge be preferred against one of this privileged class, your policeman “cannot take the case, 'cos he didn't see the gen'l'man do it,”—a nice distinction, which procures our judicious guardian of the night many a half-crown, over and above his weekly wages.

“A Morning at Bow Street,” will give the best idea of the ordinary procedure of our metropolitan police courts, albeit we cannot pretend to the graphic portraiture of the comicalities of the place, peculiar to a well known and justly popular publication bearing that title; but, in truth, we do not visit courts of justice, high or low, for the purpose of administering to the amusement of our readers: a court of justice is a sorrowful place, and the emotions it excites are of a painful character: we enter it as we do an hospital, in expectation of breathing an impure air—an atmosphere of moral pestilence.

A number of sickly-looking women, and pallid gin-faced men, lurking about the doors of an unpretending stucco-fronted edifice, indicate the police-office; a closed door, inscribed “Magistrates' entrance,” and an open door, sufficiently pointing out the public thoroughfares, complete the identity of “Bow Street.”

On making his *debut*, the stranger—happy he whose face is a strange face here—is immediately assailed by a number of blue-bottles in ordinary, who act the part of touters, imagining that nothing but business could have induced the wayfarer to trust himself in such a frowzy atmosphere:—“declaration sir,”—“application, sir,”—“speak with the magistrate, sir,”—assail him at every turn: and it is not without some difficulty that, a length, the student of human character is ushered into the awful presence of the presiding judge himself.

The apartment in which this eminent functionary retails the small wares of justice is somewhat narrow and incommodious—the least possible space is set apart for the

public—barely enough to conform to the theory of our constitution, that the courts shall be open to the meanest subjects; but within the inclosure of imitation oak, there is ample space for the ordinary business of the tribunal, and a little to spare for those distinguished *amateurs* who are in the habit of crowding the bench when any criminal of more than ordinary atrocity is brought up for examination.

When we entered, a little, swarthy, but healthy-looking man, gray-haired, of a pleasing expression of face, with twinkling black eyes, occupied the judicial seat. Instead of a wig, as at Westminster, he wore his hat, but was otherwise undistinguished as to costume.

We could not avoid remarking that his worship was a devoted believer in the doctrines of Lavater. Nothing could exceed the scrutiny of his dark eye as it fell upon the evidence in the witness box, or the prisoner at the bar. He glanced from plaintiff to defendant, from prisoner to prosecutor, as he would discover the chance there might be of getting a word of truth out of any of the parties, and around his lips played a peculiar smile—not by any means a sneer, but a smile of easy incredulity, observable only in men who have been accustomed through life to behold in its full development the worser side of human nature—in lawyers especially, and judges.

His worship was attended by the usual subordinate officers—a clerk of court, a dapper, pert, whipper-snapper personage, as magistrate's clerks invariably are; a bottle-nosed clerk of the arraigns, who read the charges against prisoners and the summonses between party and party. In a side box sat three gentlemen, reporters of the public press. Facing the magisterial chair was the felons' dock, guarded by a functionary whose office was sufficiently indicated by a number of keys chained together, and carelessly thrust beneath the lining of his jacket.

A promiscuous lot of ne'er-do-well men and dilapidated women filled the hutch or pen at the lower end of the apartment. When you have taken notice of a bronzed plaster cast of the original magistrate of Bow Street, on the top of a bookcase where repose the statutes for the guidance of police magistrates, and have sufficiently admired the gilded royal escutcheon over all, you will have leisure to concentrate your attention upon that lamentable-looking gent, now in the act of disbursing the customary penalty for getting drunk

—where the law can take hold of him.' How much ashamed he looks—how he averts his eyes from the impudent stare of the vulgar throng, and with what evident reluctance he dribbles out shilling after shilling, then, lifting his hat as much as possible to conceal his chagrin, slinks shamefacedly away.

When the disciple of Bacchus evaporated, the jailer came into court, conducting a little precocious urchin, who seemed about twelve, or at most thirteen years of age, with a pale hungry face, a sharp roving eye, and the most unmitigated impudent expression we ever yet beheld in man or boy. He was dressed in a ragged blue jacket and fustian trousers, in the pockets whereof were thrust his tiny hands. He now and then hitched up his inexpressibles, sailor fashion; and, turning round to the mob, winked with either eye several times, at the same time putting his tongue in his cheek—expressions, as we understood them, at once of his respect for the bench, and of an easy indifference to his present peculiar situation. When the turnkey's eye fell upon him, he assumed an air of ludicrous gravity; altogether, he appeared a thoroughly depraved little rascal; nor did his dialogue with the worthy magistrate at all tend to weaken our first impression.

When the charge was read, and the evidence gone into, his worship addressed the culprit.

Magistrate.—I am afraid you are a very bad boy. You have been here before—what was that for?

Urchin.—Oney for breakin' a vinder.

Magistrate.—I presume, with the intention of stealing something.

Urchin.—No—for ven I'd a broke it, there war'n't nussin to steal.

Magistrate.—I must send you to prison for three months.

Urchin.—Werry well.

Magistrate.—And when you come out, I hope you'll be a reformed character.

Urchin. (with energy.)—Ven I does come out, I 'opes as how I'll make a man of myself by doin' a summut.

Turnkey now seizes the urchin by the collar, lifting him as you would a cod-fish, and bundling him off to a cell, immediately returning with a couple of juvenile delinquents, a size larger, but without the remarkable shrewdness and vivacity of the departed culprit. These Spartan youths having failed in an attempt to extract a pocket handkerchief, must pay the penalty consequent on being found out, and are punished for

this culpable want of professional dexterity.

The magistrate, in consequence of the younger of the two being what is technically called an old offender, sentenced him to imprisonment for one calendar month; the elder, upon receiving the mitigated sentence of a fortnight's durance, burst into tears, crying out, "Please you, my lord, give me the same as Bill; Bill didn't do no more nor me, nor I didn't do no more nor he—give me a calendar the same as Bill!"

The laughter of the spectators, in which the bench participated, could not be restrained, while this modern Pythias continued blubbering and praying for his "calendar." His worship, however, was deaf to the urchin's entreaties, and the friends were pitchforked unceremoniously out of court.

Another group enter upon the changeful scene—an ironfaced master and idle runaway apprentice. Indentures are handed by the former to his lordship, and complaint prepared. It appears that, notwithstanding the apprentice gets fifteen shillings a-week for the work he does while learning his trade, he chooses to absent himself from his master's premises, for the purpose of participating in the diversions of Epsom races. The youth, on being asked to account for his conduct, raises a point of law—namely, that where a premium has not been paid with the boy, masters have no legal control over their apprentices. This the bench overrules, not without an admonition to the youth for assuming such a line of defence. Turning to the master, his worship asked whether he wishes the boy to be sent to prison, at the same time benevolently deprecating such a conclusion, if it can be possibly averted, observing that a prison is a bad school for any one, much more for an apprentice, and so forth. The master, however, is a hard, inexorable man, and he inclines not to mercy; he leaves matters entirely in the hands of the magistrate. Now, his worship, evidently with pain, sentences the boy (a respectable looking lad) to a month's imprisonment. The female relatives of the culprit open the floodgates of their eyes, and look imploringly now at the magistrate and now at the prisoner. The latter is about to be removed, when a poor, hard-working lad slips forward, introducing himself as brother-in-law of the prisoner. He makes an appeal to the bench on the score of the youth of the prisoner, and condemns his conduct; he turns to the master, imploring him not to send the lad to a

jail, and disgrace his family; finally, he hopes the magistrate will at least mitigate the sentence; and concludes a prudent, manly, and judicious speech, by offering himself as security for the prisoner's future conduct.

The auditory seemed pleased with the propriety of the young man's speech and demeanour. The worthy justice complimented him highly, and reduces the term of imprisonment to seven days. The culprit testifies his gratitude by pulling his forelock, but the affectionate brother-in-law is not yet satisfied; he makes another and more earnest appeal to his lordship to overlook the matter this time, and he will never hear more of it; he points out the boy's mother weeping in the crowd, and insists upon the injury the boy will sustain in his character by having been, even for seven days, the inmate of a house of correction. Although the matter is so trivial, yet the earnestness of the *amicus curiae* is so sincere, his affection so apparent, and his tact so considerable, that he has awakened an interest in the Bench; the spectators look as much as to say, we hope your worship will not refuse the petition of this good-hearted fellow. His worship does not refuse; he admonishes the boy in a feeling and impressive, but considerate and friendly, address. He gives the master a hint about injudicious severity; and, having recommended all parties to the performance of their duties in their several relations, not without again taking favourable notice of the conduct of the brother-in-law, dismisses the parties, every body looking pleased and satisfied. It is very pleasing to see justice thus disarmed of its severity, and judges, without compromising their dignity, condescending to mild reproof and wholesome admonition. Sure we are, that the heart must be hard, and the nature incorrigible, of him who would not profit more by a scene like this than by months at the treadmill. Punishment, when severe, defeats the intention of its infliction; the good it makes bad, the bad it makes worse. Vindictive in its own nature, it generates vindictiveness; humiliating and disgraceful, it sinks men to the level of humiliating and disgraceful things. We were, therefore, pleased and grateful to the worthy magistrate for the salutary dread he evidently showed of introducing a foolish youth into the contaminating atmosphere of a prison, and of affording him the opportunity of maturing his folly into crime.

Next enter upon the scene sundry publicans, charged with having "conjured spirits

from the vasty deep" of their cellars, after the hour prescribed by law and superstition, beyond which those ethereal essences are not permitted to communicate with mortal lips—that is to say, twelve o'clock at night—a prowling policeman, whose hang-dog countenance is quite enough to carry an instinctive conviction to your mind of his readiness to swear any thing, slippantly kisses the book, and proceeds, in a drawling official nasal tone, to recount—"how, at fifteen minutes past twelve on Saturday night, (here he interpolates the date with much exactness,) as he was a-going of his rounds, he hears the sound of a noise in the house of the defendant, and peeping through the shutters he sees a light; then he knocked at the door, and had to wait till he got in. When he got in, he seed men a-going to bed, and heerd them a-hollering for candles." Upon cross-examination, the fellow's prevarication tallies with his expression of face so exactly, that the worthy magistrate is compelled to dismiss the case, it being quite clear that the inmates were domiciled in the tavern, and that there was no ground for any charge in the present instance.

Exit Boniface rejoicing, and enter a knot of omnibus cads and drivers, charged with violently racing in the public streets: the look of conscious innocence these fellows—the most outrageous russians of the town—have the art of screwing upon their carbunculated physiognomies when before a magistrate, is the most amusing thing in the world; it says more eloquent than words, as much as "what a injured mortal I is, to be pulled up this here fashion afore the beak, jist for doing nussin to nobody."

A gentleman of evident respectability comes forward, and swears that the worthies, now in custody, formed their ponderous vehicles, three abreast, in the Strand, at eight o'clock on the Sabbath evening; that they galloped literally at the top of their speed along half the Strand, was sworn to by several witnesses; and that nothing could have saved the lives of those whose vehicles met theirs, save the course that was adopted of driving out of the way of these reckless vagabonds, upon the footway, to the great terror and danger of her majesty's liege subjects. The case was so gross, that some of the defendants pleaded guilty, and were immediately fined forty shillings each. Some of the most cunning made blundering defences, with a palpability of falsehood perfectly ludicrous. We observed, with regret, that

those superior scoundrels were not mulcted in a greater sum than the others.

Place aux Dames.—A case of assault comes next, and the bottle-nosed crier introduces Jane Maddox and Mary Davies. Jane deponeth, that by command of her spouse she waited on Mary Davis for the sum of sixpence sterling, due and owing by the said Mary Davis; who, upon demand of the same, called Jane "every nasty name she could lay her tongue to;" and finally, throwing her from the top of the stairs to the bottom, followed her down to bestow upon her a valedictory kick, and so dismissed her with many hard words and bruises, but without the *casus belli*—the sixpence in dispute. Ladies, on both sides, swore point blank that the assault had and had not been committed, interlarding their evidence with the domestic histories of themselves and their families, with a cataract of words no power of bench or officers could oppose, until exhausted nature compelled a brief cessation. Each successive witness agreed in declaring that there was not a syllable of truth in the statement of her predecessor; nothing could be got at but that there was sixpence in dispute somewhere, but all seemed unanimous in thinking that the sixpence was due to them; and as it was impossible to believe one party more than another, the respective spouses of the belligerents were called upon to enter into recognizances severally and individually to keep the peace.

"It's a rummy thing, sir," remarked a humorous-looking policeman, whose civility in pointing out to us what was worthy of notice we had occasion to reward afterwards with a drain of beer; "it's a rummy thing that these here women as comes to our hofice, never by no chance lets out a word agin their own side of the question—no, not when the hevidence goes agin 'em as clear as mud; they keeps talkin' right on end, a prevaricatin' and aggrevatin', till his worship's like to bust a stoppin' of em; but it isn't no use watsomdever, and the end of it is, we often has to bundle the whole bilive out o' court; and arter that you'll hear 'em accusin' and aggrevatin' till they gets to Long Acre. I never was over the water myself, sir," continued the servitor of justice, "but I shouldn't be surprised if faymale cases wasn't the worry same at Union Hall."

Who the little magistrate who presided is, we know not; we never saw him before, and most sincerely hope we may never see him again. But if exemplary patience, which not

even the tongues of women can disturb, if great good-nature and benevolence, if a clear head and a feeling heart, be not his portion, then we have studied human nature to very little purpose. At all events, if it were our fate to be “had up at Bow Street” upon an unfounded accusation, we hope we may be confronted with his worship; but if guilty,

we beg he will at once commit us to the house of correction, for there is a mild severity in his reproofs, and a degree of pain in the discharge of his painful duties, which would cut deeper into our heart, and sink us lower into our own estimation, than the wholesome severities of the tread-mill.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

A VISION OF COVENTRY.

WHICH of us has not, by word of pen, or word of mouth, perpetrated the phrase of "sending to Coventry?" Which of us has not talked, with apparent potentiality, of sending such and such persons to Coventry?

—Now where is Coventry?—Who really knows any thing of Coventry?—The first gazetteer will readily supply the latitude and longitude of a certain city in the county of Warwick, much famed for the manufacture of members of parliament and silk ribbons; and far more, as the birth-place of the most modest lady and immodest gentleman of feudal times—the Lady Godiva and her peeping Tom.

But to THAT Coventry,—that matter-of-fact city of beams and treddles,—no one in his senses ever thought of sending a human being, even since the establishment of the railroad,—unless his younger brother, to be woven into an M. P. The Coventry to which we send our friends when we begin to treat them as foes,—the Coventry so extensively talked of,—is, on the contrary,

"An undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns!"

People come back from transportation; people come back from New Zealand; people come back from the North Pole. Captain Ross came back from his voyages; Commander Napier from his campaign; but from Coventry, we protest again—

"No traveller returns!"

No one, at least, avows that he was ever expedited on that unseemly tour, for which the world is consequently never likely to be the wiser.

Let no proud pharisee,—let no haughty aristocrat,—let no self-conceited beauty,—let neither priest nor Levite—neither great nor small—conceive themselves safe. A man may live blameless, and in the best company, from eighteen to eighty, yet at eighty-one be sent to Coventry. A woman may, in her high and palmy days, be the queen of the *grand monde*—a patroness of Almack's—a lady of the Bed-chamber,—yet, when a grandmother, fall under sentence of banishment to Coventry.

It was after cogitating over these and similar surmises the other night, in the easiest of easy chairs, that a visionary spell

appeared to transport us into the regions which had disturbed our waking dreams. We dreamt we were at Coventry, with no Virgil by our side to expound the wonders of the spot—no archangel to serve as *laquais de place!* Be our sins, therefore, forgiven us, if our "*Commedia*" prove any thing but "*divina*," and our perceptions of "*Paradise Lost*" less than Miltonic.

We dreamt, we say again, that we were at Coventry;—and lo! our vision of that moral Alsacia—that penal settlement of fashionable delinquency, was as of a species of third-rate watering-place,—something between Boulogne, Cheltenham, and Baden-Baden; having a perpetual savour of table d'hôtes, and a never-ending noise of sackbut, lute, harp, and psaltery,—the harp jangling and out of tune, and the sackbut singing wretchedly "i' the nose;"—a rattling jovial place,—whereof the mirth was somewhat forced, and wherewith, while the inhabitants pretended to be contented, they betrayed their inward discontent by assigning all sorts of false motives for their naturalization. As the inmates of Bedlam on being questioned, describe themselves as rational victims immured by their insane relations—the denizens of Coventry protested with one accord that, though they had never been so happy in their lives as since they became members of the Coventryan commonwealth, nothing could exceed the absurdity of the grounds on which their freedom of the mysterious city had been assigned.

"You will scarcely believe me," observed a sallow, care-worn gentleman, (to whom I addressed myself for information, as to one of the gravest members of the society,) "when I assure you that I never should have found my way hither but for the rash act of appearing at the opera in a velvet coat! As a man of enormous fortune, I was once the petted of the gay world, and admitted into the circle at Carlton House. Fancying my thirty thousand a-year a sufficient set-off against the wit and impudence of Brummel, (a man without a grandfather or a guinea!) in an evil hour, I listened to the indiscreet counsels of an enterprising tailor, and for Saxon broadcloth substituted Genoa velvet.—I rose that morning a fine gentleman, and went to bed a tiger!—The transformations of the metempsychosis were outdone. On the morrow,—I found myself at Coventry!"

An incredulous smile probably played over our features; for our companion instantly began to assign grounds still more ludicrous, for the ostracism of his companions.

“Yonder beautiful woman,” said he, (pointing to a lovely creature at the head of the table,—a sort of Cleopatra *manquée*,) “was, for years, the idol of the *beau monde*. Whatever follies she chose to commit, were adopted as rational; and the vices in which she thought proper to indulge, became invisible to eyes polite. One unlucky night, at D—— House, overpowered by the fragrance of the orange blossoms, the closeness of the atmosphere, or the beauty of a rival, she indulged in a fit of hysterics; and next morning found that, in the silence of the night, she had been transported by evil genii to Coventry!—*C'était une femme qui ne savait pas vivre!*”—Hysterics?—a scene?—Worthy of the housekeeper’s room!—Away with her to Coventry!

“The handsome young man by her side is indebted for his residence here solely to his capillary attraction! Choosing to appear at his desk in a public office decorated with moustachios, he was dismissed to Coventry at the very moment that the moping young fellow opposite was sent hither, out of a dashing Hussar regiment, for the smoothness of his upper lip and the missishness of his deportment. The gentleman to my right was sent to Coventry for having appeared at a fancy ball in a fancy dress; the gentleman to my left, for attempting to figure in plain clothes at a royal masque.—Dozens upon dozens are here for having been engaged in duels; dozens upon dozens for having declined them.—Many a repining damsel arrives among us, branded with the disgrace of having jilted a man whom she found she did not love sufficiently to marry; many a matron, for having disregarded the claims of the husband of whom the world had jeered her into becoming the wife! You will find among us several meritorious writers, sent to Coventry by the literary world for the cut of their coats in the portrait prefixed to their works; or the spelling of their words, or the accentuation of their syllables. You will find noblemen banished by their peers for some eccentricity of equipage;—there is, in short, no possible caprice or transition of public opinion, which has not been the means of increasing our population. The laws which serve for condemnation to Coventry are writ in sand; and every flux and reflux of the tide of fashion serves to vary the shaping of the code. Multitudes are despatched hither from Great Britain by the freedom of the press—multitudes by the slavery of society; a sin against the slightest

of conventional usages, or the most groundless stigma inflicted by a Sunday paper, sufficing as a passport. A considerable number of the dowdy elderlies you behold, owe their exile to their children—who, having achieved fashion, become ashamed of them; a considerable number of the flashy juveniles, to the parsimony of parents unwilling to find themselves prematurely unseated from their thrones. Yonder simple-hearted countess has been immured by her gay and handsome husband—yonder crest-fallen young lord was sent to Coventry by his frisky young wife!”—

We were still listening attentively, when a louder crash of the timbrels drowned the utterance of our cicerone. The cause of their present uproar was the arrival of a new member of the community. Our curiosity was instantly astir. *Who* was the doomed man?—*who* the fated woman?—member of parliament?—member of the household?—royal, gentle, simple? In the eagerness of the moment, we started from our chair and our sleep, to pry into the mystery; and lo! by a bitter mockery of fate, the countenance that met our view was our own wondering face reflected in the chimney-glass by the light of an expiring fire!

DUELING IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

Campbell's Foreign Monthly Magazine; or, Select Miscellany of the Periodical Literature of Great ...Sep-Dec 1842; 1,

American Periodicals

pg. 66

DUELING IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in this long reign, that one hundred and seventy-two were fought (in which three hundred and forty-four persons were concerned); sixty-nine individuals were killed; in three of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived; ninety-six of them were wounded--forty-eight of them desperately, and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt. From this statement it will be seen that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder, two of whom were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRATIC EDUCATION.

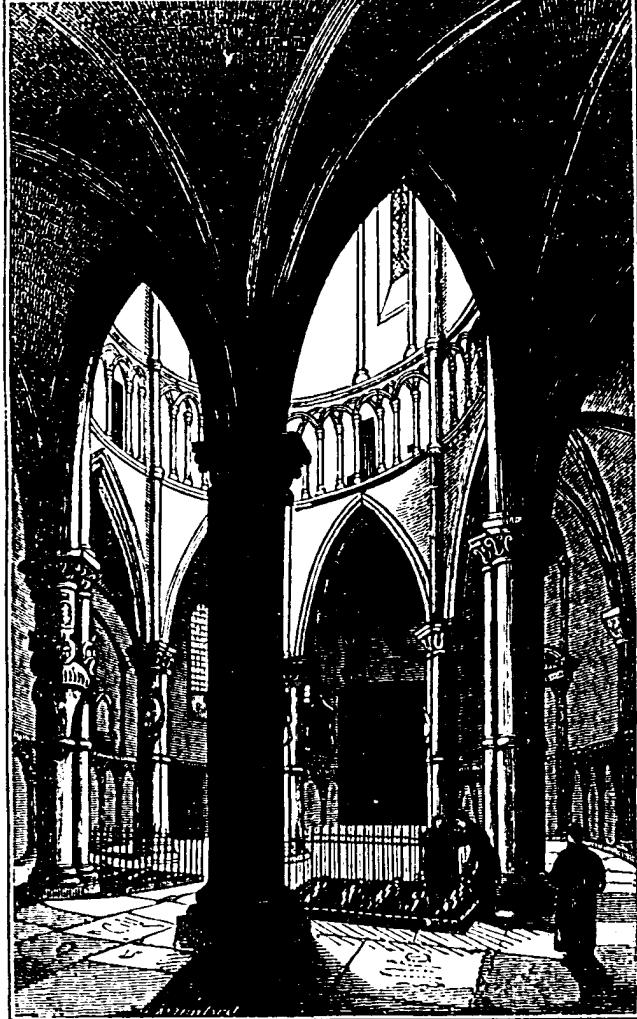
We are a great nation, and nowhere is our greatness more conspicuous than in the education of youth. The young Frenchman seems to fulfil his destiny when, having drawn on a pair of the most tight-fitting kid gloves of that precise shade of colour so approved of by Madame Laffarge, he saunters forth to the Boulevard de Grand, or lounges in the *coulisse* of the opera. The German, whose contempt not only extends to glove-leather, but clean hands, be-takes himself early in life to the way they should go, and from which, to do him justice, he never shows any inclination to depart. A meerschaum some three feet long, and a tobacco-bag like a school-boy's satchel, supply his wants in life. The dreamy visions of the unreal woes, and the still more unreal greatness of his country, form the pabulum for his thoughts ; and he has no other ambition, for some half-dozen years of his life, than to boast his utter indifference to kings and clean water. Now, we manage matters somewhat better. Our young men, from the outset of their career, are admirable jockeys ; and if by any fatality, like the dreadful Revolution of France, our nobles should be compelled to emigrate from their native land, instead of teaching mathematics and music, the small sword and quadrilles, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we supply stable-boys to the whole of Europe.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

FAGGING AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I now take my leave of Rugby school ; and the happiest day of my life was that on which I left it for good. I have heard it asserted that the days of a school boy are the happiest of his life. I did not find them so, although I had, when in the lower school, a protection from *general* fagging by having to get breakfast and tea, clean knives and forks, wash up tea-things, and to do other "odd jobs" for two boys who had the power to fag—my own brother one of them. I confess, however, I used to pity the hardships many of the young boys, not similarly protected, were subjected to by being sent to take up night-lines in the river Avon at four o'clock in the morning, instead of being in their beds ; as also so often made to get other boys' breakfasts when they ought to have been getting their own. "*Holloa, you sir,*" was the cry generally issuing from some hard-hearted tyrant of the upper school—as he saw from his window some poor urchin sneaking away towards his boarding-house to snatch a scanty breakfast, and which cry he dared not but listen to—"Come up here and clean my shoes." And often would that "urchin" be a lord or a lord's son, of whom we had several in the school. The lord however, as well as the lord's son, was certain to have his turn in the routine of tyranny, and perhaps, in this peculiar case, the discipline to which he was subjected, as the cleaner of shoes and knives, might turn to a good account on his subsequent walk through life.—*Nimrod in Fraser's Magazine.*

THE TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON.—ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

Campbell's Foreign Monthly Magazine; or, Select Miscellany of the Periodical Literature of Great ... Sep-Dec 1842; 1, American Periodicals
pg. 240



[Interior of the Round.]

From Knight's "London."

THE TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON.—ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

THERE seems to be a strong under-current of enlightened and generous sentiment respecting the care of our national edifices moving beneath the surface of the bustling, struggling, money-loving world, which it is pleasant to reflect on and still more delightful to see—revealing itself, as it does, in the restoration of such beautiful structures as the Lady Chapel, Southwark; and Crosby Place; and in the still more important works of reviving the pristine splendour of the Abbey of St. Albans, and of the old and famous church of the Knights Templars, now in progress, the subject of the present paper. In expense, magnificence, and refined taste, this last-mentioned restoration promises—the extent of the original be-

ing considered—to surpass every similar attempt known in this country.

Pending the completion of the church, according to the splendid designs for its restoration, we shall not attempt a description of the edifice; but in the mean time let us imagine ourselves entering the interior as it was till recently, and call up some of the historical associations in which it is so rich. The church, as no doubt most of our readers know, is divided into two portions, opening; however, into each other—a circular part called the Round is of course the oldest, and is a remarkable feature, there being but three other churches in England of the same form. Above six centuries and a half have elapsed since the consecration of this part, an event

not merely noticeable in itself as marking the culminating period of the Knights Templars in England, but for the circumstances with which it was attended.

In the year 1128, Hugh de Payens, the head of a new and strange society, which had excited much notice among the pious and warlike of England, arrived in London to explain its objects, and extend its scope and influence. We may imagine the interest with which his auditors (among whom were the King, Henry I., and his court) listened to his tale of the origin and progress of the order. But a few years before, himself and eight other Knights, pitying the sufferings of the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, recently recovered from the Infidels by the first Crusaders, entered into a solemn compact to devote their lives and fortunes to the defence of the highway from the inroads of the Mussulmans, and the ravages of the numerous robbers who infested it. "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ" they called themselves; but, as their services became conspicuous, and the heads of the church lodged them within the enclosure of the Temple on Mount Moriah, (the site of the great Jewish structure destroyed by Titus,) and amidst that magnificent assemblage of buildings partly erected by the Christian Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, and partly by the Mussulman Caliph Omar, in the seventh, this new combination of the somewhat opposite qualities of the warrior and the monk became known as the *Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon*. Their rise was rapid, and so was the growth of their ambition. Presently they enlarged their object from the defence of the roads to the defence of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem itself; and eminent men from various countries joined their society, and threw their whole possessions into the common stock. Hugh de Payens was made Master; who, having first succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the Pope in a personal visit, spread every where throughout Europe the knowledge of the actual purposes of the new Order, and sought assistance. He set out from Jerusalem with four brethren; he returned to it, after his visit to England, with three hundred, all chosen from the noblest families of Europe, and principally from France and England. The days of the Order when two Knights (Hugh de Payens himself and a companion) were compelled to ride one horse, a memorable circumstance commemorated in the Seal of the Order, were at an end now; and an op-

posite danger, that of too much wealth, was, as subsequent events showed, the most to be guarded against. Before Hugh de Payens' departure from England, he placed a Knight Templar, called the Prior of the Temple, at the head of the Society in this country, whose duty it was, in common with all the similarly appointed persons throughout Europe, to manage the estates and affairs of the Order, and transmit the revenues to Jerusalem. Numerous Templar establishments now sprang up in different parts of Great Britain, the chief of which was that of London. The site of the first metropolitan house was in Holborn, where Southampton House was afterwards erected, and subsequently the existing Southampton Buildings. And here a very interesting remain was discovered, but we regret to say not preserved, an ancient circular chapel of Caen stone. This house Hugh de Payens himself saw formally established. As the English Knights increased in number and in wealth, they purchased the site of the present Temple, and set about erecting their magnificent church and other buildings. To distinguish this house from that of Holborn, the one was called the *New*, and the other the *Old Temple*.

Whilst these works were fast progressing to completion, and the Templars were probably looking for some distinguished personage to consecrate and open their house with suitable honours and ceremonies, the misfortunes of their brethren in Palestine brought no less a personage than Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, to England, accompanied by the Master of St. John's, now, in emulation of the Templars, a fighting as well as a religious establishment. It was evident that the state of affairs must be critical that could have brought such messengers together. After a long-protracted struggle, attended by many alternations of success to both sides, but ending generally in the increased power of the followers of Mahomet, particularly after the appearance of Saladin on the scene, nearly the whole body of the Templars were destroyed or taken prisoners in a terrific battle between the Christian and Mussulman armies on the banks of the Jordan in 1179. Among the prisoners was Odo de St. Amand, the Master, who truly "perished in his pride," although his motives demand both sympathy and admiration. Saladin offered him his liberty in exchange for his nephew, who was in the hands of the Templars; but the only reply he could obtain was that a Templar ought either to conquer or die, and

that the only ransom he had to give was his girdle and his knife. He was thrown into the dungeons of Damascus, where he languished and died. Subsequent successes, however, enabled the Christian warriors to give Saladin a serious check, when a truce for four years was agreed to. It was to make the best use of this temporary suspension of arms that Heraclius the Patriarch, the Master of the Temple, and the Master of St. John's, proceeded to Europe. Their chief hope was in Henry II. of England, who had promised, on receiving absolution for the murder of Becket, to proceed in person to Palestine with a great army, and to maintain in particular, two hundred Templars at his own expense. To fortify their position, the trio obtained letters from the Pope, threatening Henry with the judgment of Heaven if he failed in his engagements. The Master of the Temple died at Verona, on the way; the other two arrived in England in 1185. Henry met them at Reading, and listened with tears to their statements, as, throwing themselves on their knees before him, they described the state of the Holy Land, and besought his assistance. Their reception was very encouraging, and Henry promised to bring the matter before Parliament, when it met, on the first Sunday in Lent.

In the mean time the English Templars brought Heraclius to their house and church here (the round portion,) now finished, and requested him to consecrate the latter. Familiar as he was with the gorgeous architectural splendours of Jerusalem, Heraclius must have examined with pleasure the beautiful house of the Templars in London, which was not merely beautiful, but replete with all conveniences suitable to so distinguished and wealthy a community, and every way fitted for the due performance of the discipline of the Order. The Church, with its circular, sweeping colonnade and tessellated pavement below, and noble arches, stained windows, and painted and groined ceiling above; the peaceful looking cloisters; the separate residences of the Prior or Master, and the Knights, the Chaplains, and serving brethren, the retainers and domestics; the Refectory where they dined, and the Chapter House where they held their meetings; and lastly, the garden or pleasure-ground on the banks of the Thames, where the brethren not only walked but trained their horses, and performed military exercise—all betokened the firm hold the Order had here obtained, and the taste and wealth at its disposal.

Heraclius now performed the act required of him; and, till the year 1695, when some workmen destroyed it, there was an inscription recording the circumstance placed over the little door leading from the Round into the Cloisters, granting an indulgence of fifty days to those yearly seeking the sacred edifice. On this same visit, it is deserving of notice, Heraclius consecrated the church of the rival Society of Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, at Clerkenwell. In the house of the latter, just one month after the performance of the ceremony at the Temple, the Parliament met; when, among other distinguished persons present, were William, King of Scotland, and his brother David. An earnest discussion took place on Heraclius's demands for succour, the King expressing his desire to fulfil his promise, but secretly wishing, there is little doubt, to be spared its performance; whilst the barons, and others present, represented to him that he was bound by the solemn oath of his coronation to stay at home and govern his dominions. They tried a kind of compromise, in offering to raise fifty thousand marks to defray the expenses of a levy of troops, and added their desire that all Nobles and others desiring to join the Christian bands in Palestine should be freely permitted so to do. The result is thus told by Fabyan, on the authority of a still older chronicler:—"Lastly, the King gave answer, and said that he might not leave his land without keeping, nor yet leave it to the prey and robbery of Frenchmen. But he would give largely of his own to such as would take upon them that voyage. With this answer the Patriarch was discontented, and said, 'We seek a man and not money; well-near every Christian region sendeth unto us money, but no land sendeth to us a Prince. Therefore we ask a Prince that needeth money and not money that needeth a Prince.' But the King laid for him such excuses, that the Patriarch departed from him discontented and comfortless, whereof the King being advertised, intending somewhat to comfort him with pleasant words, followed him unto the sea-side. But the more the King thought to satisfy him with his fair speech, the more the Patriarch was discontented, insomuch that, at the last, he said unto him, 'Hitherto thou hast reigned gloriously, but hereafter thou shalt be forsaken of Him whom thou at this time forsakest. Think on Him, what he hath given to thee, and what thou hast yielded to Him again; how first thou wert

false unto the King of France, and after slew that holy man Thomas of Canterbury, and lastly thou forsakest the protection of Christian faith?' The king was moved with these words, and said unto the Patriarch, 'Though all the men of my land were one body, and spake with one mouth, they durst not speak to me such words.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for they love thine, and not thee; that is to mean, they love thy goods temporal, and fear thee for loss of promotion, but they love not thy soul.' And when he had so said, he offered his head to the King, saying, 'Do by me right as thou didst by that blessed man Thomas of Canterbury, for I had liever to be slain of thee than of the Saracens, for thou art worse than any Saracen.' But the King kept his patience and said, 'I may not wend out of my land, for my own sons will arise against me when I was absent.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for of the Devil they come, and to the Devil they shall go;' and so departed from the King in great ire." Such was the result of the Patriarch's mission to England, from which so much had been hoped.

As the consecration of the new Temple Church may be said to mark the consummation of the establishment of the Order in England, we may with propriety follow our notice of that event with a few words on the constitution of the house, and its discipline. Their rule was drawn up by their early patron, St. Bernard; their chief privileges they derived from Pope Alexander, who in 1172 promulgated a bull in their favour. The head of the house was now styled the Master of the Temple, and it was to distinguish the supreme head at Jerusalem from these minor potentates that it became a custom to call the latter the Grand Master. The master was elected by the chapter or assembly of the knights from among themselves. His jurisdiction extended not only over his own house in London, but over all the provincial priors or preceptors and their establishments. These houses the master visited in succession. The main body of the Templars were persons who had been previously knights (none other were admitted into their *class*,) and whose fathers were or might have been knights. On their entrance into the Order they had to declare themselves free from all obligations, that they were neither married nor betrothed, had never taken vows nor been consecrated in any other religious order; that they were neither in debt nor diseased, and that they possessed sound,

healthy constitutions. On the south side of the Round there was to be found, till the year 1827, an ancient structure, called the Chapel of St. Anne, formerly enjoying a peculiar reputation, as making barren women, who resorted thither to pray, "joyful mothers of children." In this chapel, no doubt, according to the custom of the Templars generally, would take place the introduction of new candidates into the Order—a solemn and most impressive proceeding, during which the whole body of knights were present. After a variety of preliminary questions put to the candidate before his entrance into the midst of the assembly of the knights, and satisfactory answers received, he was conducted to their presence, when, kneeling before the Master with folded hands, he said, "Sir, I am come, before God, and before you and the brethren, and pray and beseech you, for the sake of God and our dear Lady, to admit me into your Society and the good deeds of the Order, as one who will be, all his life long, the servant and slave of the Order." The Master then replied, "Beloved brother, you are desirous of a great matter, for you see nothing but the outward shell of our Order. It is only the outward shell when you see that we have fine horses and rich caparisons,—that we eat and drink well, and are splendidly clothed. From this you conclude that you will be well off with us. But you know not the rigorous maxims which are in our interior. For it is a hard matter for you, who are your own master, to become the servant of another. You will hardly be able to perform, in future, what you wish yourself. . . . When you wish to sleep, you will be ordered to watch; when you will wish to watch, then you will be ordered to go to bed; when you will wish to eat, then you will be ordered to do something else," &c. A renewed series of interrogations followed, in the course of which the candidate bound himself by the most solemn asseverations to be obedient to the head of the house and the chief head at Jerusalem, to observe the customs of the Order, to live in perfect chastity, to help, with all the strength and powers God had bestowed on him, to conquer the Holy Land, and never to be present when a Christian was unjustly and unlawfully despoiled of his heritage. He was then received, assured of "bread and water, and the poor clothing of the Order, and labour and toil enow," and the coveted habit placed on him by the Master, the famous white mantle with the red cross.

The Master and Chaplain then kissed him, and the former, whilst the newly-made Templar sat before him, delivered a discourse in which he admonished the listener not to strike or wound any Christian; not to swear, nor to receive any attendance from a woman without permission, nor to kiss any woman at any time, even his mother or sister, not to assist in any baptismal ceremony, never to abuse or call names, but be ever courteous and polite. He was also directed to sleep in a linen shirt, drawers, and hose, and with a small girdle round his waist, to attend divine service punctually, to sit down to table and

rise from it with prayer, and to preserve silence in the interim. Lastly, when he heard of the Master's death he was to repeat immediately, wherever he might be, two hundred pater noster for the repose of his soul. The ceremony over, the new member received clothes, arms, and equipments, and no longer appeared abroad but in his costume of a Knight Templar, such as we here behold him. He was allowed also three horses and an esquire, who was sometimes a serving brother, sometimes a hired layman, and sometimes a youth of noble birth, proud to serve so distinguished a personage.



[A Knight Templar.]

Directly attached to the body of knights were two other classes, the chaplains and the serving brethren, and somewhat more remotely the affiliated, and the Donates and Oblates. Through the class of serving brethren many found admittance into the Order, who, not enjoying the honour of knighthood, and knightly descent, must have been otherwise by the rules proscribed. Some distinguished men joined the Society even in this comparatively humiliating position. The affiliated comprised persons from all ranks of society and of both sexes, who, desiring to assist the order, or to share in the advantages connected with it, such, for instance, as the exemption from the effects of interdict enjoyed by the Templars, were permitted to join the Order, without assuming its habit,

its hardships, and its dangers, on taking certain vows, as that of chastity, and engaging to leave their property to the Templars on their death. The great Pope, Innocent III., did not disdain to declare himself as standing in this position to the Society in one of his bulls. The Donates and Oblates were either children destined to the service of the Order, or persons who engaged to promote its welfare to the best of their power while they lived: princes were to be found among the last-mentioned class.

The very duty of the Knight Templar to fight the enemies of his faith, by compelling him to mix continually and largely with the world, prevented him from observing the strictness of the rules set down for his governance, and as a very natural consequence, his

conduct was no doubt often sufficiently lax when he had no such excuses to plead. Among the rules of the Order that seem to have been religiously observed were those of obedience; at least the punishments were very severe for any breach of such rules, as we are reminded by the sight of the penitential cell of the Temple, which is formed within the solid thickness of the wall of the church, and measures only four feet and a half in length, by two and a half in breadth, so that the unhappy prisoner could not lie down except by drawing his limbs together. One act of mercy, however, there was for him to be thankful for. During divine service he could hear and participate in all that was passing, through one of the apertures here looking into the church. If the secrets of this prison-house could be made known, they would be doubtless appalling; for the meagre facts that have oozed out into the light of day are sufficiently terrible. Here Walter le Bachelier, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was fettered by order of the Master, and left till he died of the severity of his punishment. The corpse was then taken out at daybreak, and buried in the court between the church and the hall. Besides imprisonment, which was either temporary or perpetual, according as seemed expedient to the Master, the Templars were occasionally scourged on the bare shoulders by the Master's own hands, in the hall, or even whipped in the church on Sundays before the congregation. A knight of the name of Valaincourt once quitted the Order, but, unable most probably to stifle the whisperings of his conscience that he had done wrong, returned, and submitted himself cheerfully to whatever penance the Master thought proper to impose. He was accordingly condemned to eat for a year on the ground with the dogs, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, and every Sunday to be scourged in the church before all assembled.

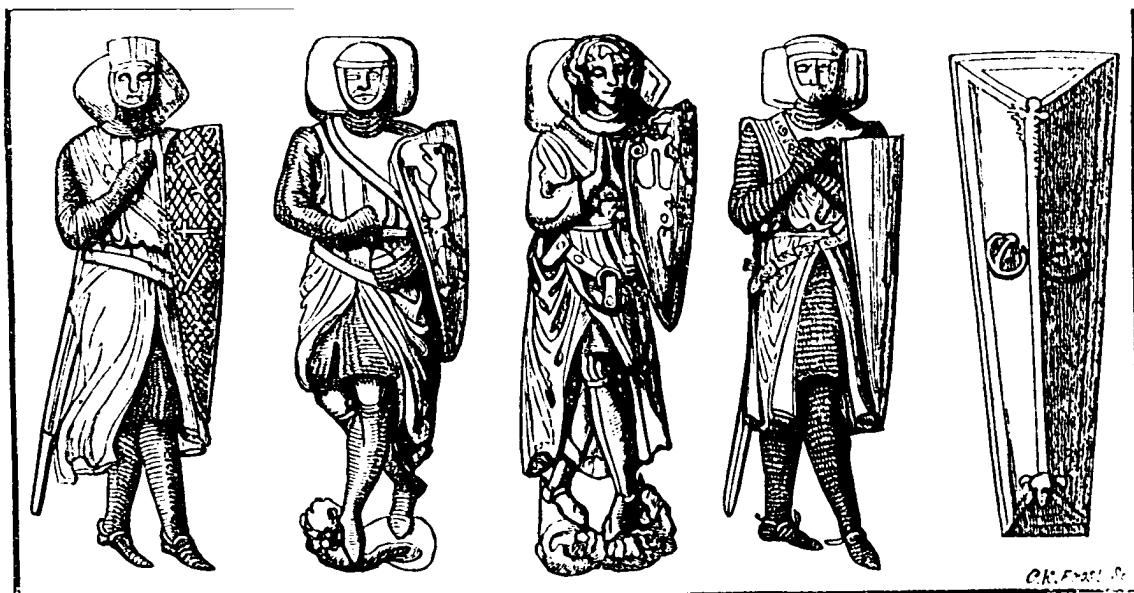
A public exhibition such as that last named no doubt had a double effect, and edified the world as much as the criminal. The Order for a long time, indeed, seems to have been, as it deserved, highly popular, for its piety, bravery, and humility; and the usual consequences of popularity in those days followed. Great men desired to be buried among them, which could only be accomplished by a connexion with their Society in one of the available modes; lands, manors, houses, fairs, privileges were showered upon them; money was deposited with them in

cases of peculiar danger; and one monarch at a somewhat critical time deposited himself in their community. This was King John, who, during the period of the arrangements connected with the signing of the Great Charter, resided here. Numerous documents of this king's are dated from the Temple. Among other distinguished visitors was one the Templars must have been glad to get rid of—Martin, the Pope's nuncio, of whom Matthew Paris says, "He made whilst residing at London in the New Temple unheard-of extortions of money and valuables. He imperiously intimated to the abbots and priors that they must send him rich presents, desirable palfreys, sumptuous services for the table, and rich clothing; which being done, that same Martin sent back word that the things sent were insufficient, and he commanded the givers thereof to forward him better things, on pain of suspension and excommunication." The treasure deposited in the Temple must have been frequently immense, from the quality of the depositors or the circumstances of the deposit. Fully trustworthy, enjoying the privilege of sanctuary, and able so well to defend personally whatever was in their charge, the Templars became distinguished as the safest of guardians on all extraordinary occasions. The king, his court, and chief ecclesiastics, all made the Temple their bank when they pleased, and here, too, were brought all monies collected for the Christian service in Palestine. The most remarkable record on this subject is connected with the great Earl of Kent, Hubert de Burgh, on whose disgrace and committal to the Tower the King began to look shrewdly after the captive's treasures. Matthew Paris says, "It was suggested to the King, that Hubert had no small amount of treasure deposited in the New Temple, under the custody of the Templars. The King, accordingly, summoning to his presence the Master of the Temple, briefly demanded of him if it was so. He indeed, not daring to deny the truth to the King, confessed that he had money of the said Hubert, which had been confidentially committed to the keeping of himself and his brethren, but of the quantity and amount thereof, he was altogether ignorant. Then the King endeavoured with threats to obtain from the brethren the surrender to him of the aforesaid money, asserting that it had been fraudulently subtracted from his treasury. But they answered to the King, that money confided to them in trust they would deliver to no man without the

permission of him who had intrusted it to be kept in the Temple. And the King, since the above-mentioned money had been placed under their protection, ventured not to take it by force. He sent, therefore, the treasurer of his court, with his justices of the Exchequer, to Hubert, who had already been placed in fetters in the Tower of London, that they might exact from him an assignment of the entire sum to the King. But when these messengers had explained to Hubert the object of their coming, he immediately answered that he would submit himself and all belonging to him to the good pleasure of his sovereign. He therefore petitioned the brethren of the chivalry of the Temple that they would, in his behalf, present all his keys to his

lord the King, that he might do what he pleased with the things deposited in the Temple. This being done, the King ordered the money, faithfully counted, to be placed in his treasury, and the amount of all the things found to be reduced into writing and exhibited before him. The King's clerks, indeed, and the treasurer acting with them, found deposited in the Temple gold and silver vases of inestimable price, and money and many precious gems, an enumeration whereof would, in truth, astonish the hearers."

Of the eminent persons who caused their bodies to be here interred, some very interesting memorials are preserved. We allude to the two ranges of monumental effigies of great men reposing in their habits as they



[Effigies of Knights Templars, as they lie horizontally on the sepulchres.]

lived; one of five figures on the north side of the entrance to the oblong part of the church; the other of four, and a coped stone, the top of a coffin, on the south. The first figure on the left in the range here shown is that of Geoffrey de Magnaville, the bold and bad son of the Norman baron of the same name who distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings. This baron, after committing all kinds of excesses during the troubled reign of Stephen, died excommunicated by the church, and abandoned by all but the Templars, who, finding him repentant, put their habit on him, and enrolled him among their order. On his death, as they dared not bury him in consecrated ground, they hung him up in a leaden coffin on a tree in the garden here, where he remained till absolu-

tion was obtained some years afterwards, when they buried him in the portico before the western door. Next to him is the effigy of the famous Protector, the Earl of Pembroke, to whom Henry III. was indebted for the safety of his throne during his minority, and the people of England for healing, as far as they could be healed, the dissensions between the barons, and for driving the French from the country. He was buried here on Ascension-day, 1219. The expressive and beautiful effigy which forms the third in the group represents the youthful-looking Lord de Ros, one of the foremost of the memorable men who forced the Charter from John. None of the other figures in this and the north range can be distinguished with any certainty. It is known that two

of the sons of the Protector Pembroke, William and Gilbert Marshal, were here buried, and the two effigies to the right, which have evidently a kind of correspondence (such for instance as the turn of the bodies in opposite directions,) are supposed to be theirs. William Marshal, another of the patriots of Runnymede, married King John's daughter, and was therefore brother-in-law to Henry III., who was so grieved at his death that, on attending the funeral, he could not conceal his emotion. We need hardly add that all the cross-legged figures represent crusaders. Among other persons of eminence whose remains may yet lie beneath the floor along which we are pacing, are William Plantagenet, fifth son of the king just mentioned, and the Bishop of Carlisle, who was killed in 1255 by a fall from his horse, and to whose memory it is supposed the recumbent figure of a bishop in the recess in the south wall was erected. In the tomb beneath, which was opened in 1810, was found, at the feet of the skeleton of the bishop, the skeleton of a very young infant. It may partly explain this strange circumstance to point out that the tomb had evidently been opened before. Here too the celebrated man of learning, Selden, and Plowden, the eminent lawyer, were both interred. In the churchyard of the Temple many stone coffins have been found, once filled, no doubt, by persons of distinction in their day, but whose very names are now lost in oblivion.

The extraordinary features which from the first characterised the Knights Templars, both in themselves and in their history, and made them so widely and popularly known, and which still invest their name with a thousand romantic associations, were to be equally visible in their melancholy fall and extinction. There seems little doubt but that the body grew in many respects more and more lax in their observance of many of the virtues for which they had at one time been so distinguished; but still it is only simple justice to say that, on the whole, they never lost sight of the object for which they had first banded themselves together: on the contrary, as the fortunes of the Christians in the Holy Land grew darker and darker, their spirits, throwing off much of the grosser corruptions which their immense wealth and irresponsible power had generated, shone out the more clearly through the gloom. They showed by their heroic disregard of danger, sufferings, and death, that they were still the "fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," if no longer the "poor."

Their last great act, the defence of Acre in 1291, was a worthy close to their brilliant career. And, if any thing could add to our surprise as well as horror at the ultimate fate of the Order, it is the consideration that the period when the circumstances to which we are about to allude took place was not twenty years removed from this event, in which the great body of the Knights Templars perished, the last defenders of the last (with one exception) Christian stronghold.

The throne of France, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, was occupied by Philip the Fair, a man already distinguished for his avarice, and the unscrupulous means he was accustomed to use for its gratification. But all the evil deeds he had ever committed in this way, we might almost say that any powerful tyrant had ever committed from such motives, were thrown into the shade by the proceedings which now took place. The Templars were known to be wealthy; they had houses in every portion of Christian Europe; their manors and lordships were reckoned at not less than *nine thousand*; the popular opinion estimated their annual revenue at six millions sterling—an exaggeration most probably, but there was quite truth enough in it for Philip the Fair. He was not covetous; if it should turn out a million or so less, why he would be content. Such, no doubt, was one of the directions his thoughts took. Then what an opportunity was afforded by circumstances! That long and expensive day-dream of the Crusades was evidently over: what could the Order want with its wealth? What could the world want with the Order? No doubt the monarch's answers to himself were perfectly satisfactory. Then the example of his brethren of England was before him; both Edward I. and Edward II. had been nibbling at the possessions of the English Templars, influenced most probably by similar considerations. The first monarch, on his victorious return from Wales, being short of money, was seized with a sudden desire to see his mother's jewels, deposited in the Temple. Filial piety found its own reward. Being admitted, he was enabled to carry away ten thousand pounds to Windsor Castle, the Templars said, by breaking open their coffers. Philip's policy took a subtler—more sweeping course. The Pope, Benedict XI., fortunately died just at that moment, and quickly did Philip obtain the induction of a tool of his own, ready for any work, into the vacant chair of St. Peter. This was Clement V.

Rumours, traceable to no particular source, now began to spread abroad through the world that the Templars were not what they seemed, that the Holy Land would not have been lost but for their want of Christianity, and even blacker insinuations were heard. The way thus prepared, the next thing was to secure some base wretch to give these rumours shape by direct accusation. On the 14th of September, 1307, the necessary informations having been obtained from a condemned criminal, said by some writers to be an apostate Templar, Philip struck the first and most important blow. Throughout France the proper officers of the different provinces received at the same time a communication commencing in the following portentous language:—"A deplorable and most lamentable matter, full of bitterness and grief, a monstrous business," &c., had reached the King's ears; and then followed direct charges against the Templars of the vulgarest as well as the most abominable kind of blasphemy against the Saviour, and of the committal of the worst crimes among themselves; and lastly, an order to seize the Templars suddenly, and place them under the power of an inquisition empowered to try them, and employ torture if necessary during the examination. Human nature recoils at the very mention of the sufferings inflicted upon these brave, and we may safely say on the whole, innocent, but most unfortunate men. Of the one hundred and forty who were first put to the torture, no less than thirty-six actually perished in the hands of their tormentors. One of the Templars, who confessed what was desired, when subsequently brought before the commissary of police to be examined, revoked his confession, saying, "They held me so long before a fierce fire that the flesh was burnt off my heels; two pieces of bone came away, *which I present to you.*" These revocations occurred so often, in spite of the remembrance of what had been suffered, and what might in consequence be yet expected, that Philip, like a wild beast who has tasted of blood, became half frenzied apparently at any opposition, and determined to take wholesale vengeance. In one decree *fifty-four* Templars, who had thus given the most decisive proofs of their innocence (for, be it observed, a continued acknowledgment of guilt would have saved them,) were sentenced to be burnt; and this most atrocious act was performed at Paris, in the most barbarous manner. And by a continuance of the processes of the torture and the scaffold in dif-

ferent parts of the country on the one hand, and every kind of deceit, persuasion, and threat on the other, Philip, having ultimately succeeded in clearing the body of all the most high-principled and bravest members, managed to make the remainder somewhat more tractable, among which for the present may be included the Grand Master, whom he had inveigled into France, though of him we shall have again to speak. Let us now turn to the progress of affairs in England.

Edward II. was then king; and this monarch at first turned a deaf ear to Philip's letters and examples, and even wrote to some of the European princes, urging them to take care that due justice was done to the Templars in their dominions. But a papal bull soon ended the threatened opposition from this quarter; and Edward was convinced, or professed to be so, by the Pontiff's proofs, which consisted essentially of the confessions obtained in the manner already shown. On the 8th of January, 1308, the English Templars, who had been probably lulled into a sense of security by the King's earlier conduct in the matter, were suddenly arrested in all parts of England, and their property seized. Two hundred and twenty-nine of their number in all were thrown into the different prisons of the country, on similar charges; amongst them was William de la More, the Master of the Temple, and most of the other chief officers of the body in this country. Many escaped to Wales, to Ireland, and to Scotland. What a glimpse of the time and the cruel bloodthirsty hunt that was set on foot for these so recently honoured and distinguished men is afforded by a little incident, the account of which has been preserved in our national records!

"THE KING, &c.—Our favourite valet, Peter Auger, the bearer of these presents, having lately made a vow that he would not shave his beard till he had made a journey to a certain place in parts beyond the sea; and the said Peter, being afraid that some one, in consequence of his long beard, may suppose him to have been a Templar, and for that cause may hinder or injure him; we being desirous to bear testimony of the truth, by these presents inform you that the said Peter is our valet de chambre, and that he never was a Templar, but permits his beard to grow long for the cause above specified."

With the weakness that characterized Edward's conduct throughout, he could not even abide by his first resolution that no torture

should be used: the Pope once more induced in him a change. In 1310-11 the unfortunate Templars were here too given up for some months to the unrestricted management of inquisitors appointed by the Pontiff; and even then their enemies failed. On being brought before certain examiners sitting in the churches of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and in St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, every individual without exception declared the innocence of the Order with respect to the foul and monstrous accusations brought against it. It is probable the torture was not carried to the extreme lengths it had been in France. The inquisitors might not have the same confidence in these horrible outrages of human nature under the hesitating Edward, as under the reckless Philip. They accordingly changed their tactics, and were obliged to content themselves with what we should now think much better evidence, if trustworthy, than any torture could have given—the depositions of other parties. Our readers may judge how trustworthy was the information thus obtained from the mere statement of its character. One witness had been told the Templars annually worshipped *a calf*; another that a Templar had in his possession a brazen head which answered all questions; a third that a Templar had confessed to him that, on his admission into the Order, he had been obliged to deny God and Jesus Christ, and to spit on the cross. This last was the favourite charge of the inquisitors, although not a single case was supported by so much proof as would induce a magistrate of the present day to detain a prisoner for a second examination. It moreover failed to satisfy the holy inquisitors themselves; they yearned, no doubt, for their accustomed method, and so were once more indulged with the rack and its kindred influences. A splendid triumph at last was theirs. A chaplain and two poor servingmen were overcome, who confessed, publicly, the guilt of the Order as to its contemptuous denial of the Saviour; and, for so doing, were reconciled to the Church. But the main body were as resolute as ever, and a kind of compromise was devised (it were worth knowing by whom) of an ingenious nature. The Templars, it appears, were guilty of believing that the Master had the power of absolution, and had always acted accordingly. It was now kindly pointed out to them that this was a grievous heresy; that the Master, as a layman, could have no such power: the Templars were too wise to quarrel about words, for

as a thing it was evident it would never concern them again, so they observed they were ready to abjure that and all other heresies. The admission seems to have been made as much of as if it alone had been the object of all the torture and suffering inflicted. The Templars, in successive bodies, made a public acknowledgment in accordance with what they had said, *and no more*; and they too, like their apostate brethren, were reconciled to the Christian community and its ecclesiastical head. And in this almost ludicrous manner terminated the previously solemn and terrible proceedings against the Templars in England. We must add, however, that their property, in common with the property of the Order generally, was transferred, nominally, by the Pope to the rival Order of St. John, who, it is said, ultimately obtained about a *twentieth* part of their possessions, and the rest was swallowed up by Philip, the Pontiff, Edward II., and the other European Princes, &c. As to the rightful owners, the pettiest meanness was added to all the other atrocities committed upon them; many of the members were reduced almost to starvation, till some of the chief English ecclesiastics interferred and procured their admission into different monasteries. The Order was finally abolished by the Pope in 1312, and the site and buildings of the Temple, with the Church, soon after fell into the hands of the students of the law, recently, and for the first time in England, formed into a society.

All this time the Grand Master, James de Molay, with three others of the most illustrious men among the Knights Templars, were kept in close confinement in Paris; and in March, 1313, as a final close, we presume, to the affair, they were brought out on a scaffold in front of the great church of Notre Dame, to renew their confessions before the eyes of the world. Two of the four did whatever was required, but the Grand Master, to the astonishment of every one present, advancing to the edge of the scaffold, raised his chain-bound hands on high, and, addressing the mighty multitude assembled, said in a loud voice:—“It is just that, in so terrible a day, and in the last moments of my life, I should discover all the iniquity of falsehood, and make the truth to triumph. I declare then, in the face of heaven and earth, and acknowledge, though to my eternal shame, that I have committed the greatest of crimes; but it has been the acknowledging of those which have been so foully charged on the Order. I attest, and truth obliges me to attest, that it



[James de Molay, the last Grand Master.]

is innocent. I made the contrary declaration only to suspend the excessive pains of torture, and to mollify those who made me endure them. I know the punishments which have been inflicted on all the knights who had the courage to revoke a similar confession; but the dreadful spectacle which is presented to me is not able to make me confirm one lie by another. The life offered me on such infamous terms I abandon without regret." The fourth Templar followed the grand example set him, when both were hurried back to prison. And so maddened was Philip by this unexpected overthrow of all his precious schemes to leave the evidence of the head of the Order on record against it, that that very

same evening he and his companion were burnt to death by small fires of charcoal, which protracted their agonies to the last possible moment. No traces of the former weakness or indecision were visible; the two died as greatly as they had determined to do; Molay, according to a widely-believed tradition, summoning, with his dying breath, the Pontiff to appear before the last awful tribunal within forty days, and the King within twelve months. If the people had half thought the Templars martyrs before, they must have made sure of it when the times mentioned elapsed, and both parties, by their deaths, appeared to have obeyed the dread summons.

PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Campbell's Foreign Monthly Magazine; or, Select Miscellany of the Periodical Literature of Great ... Sep-Dec 1842; 1, American Periodicals pg. 198

may be described as comprising some good Cloudes, some inferior Murillos, save one, a tolerable Raphael, two excellent Guidos, a sweet Mola, some indifferent Wests, a questionable Salvator, a fine Gaspar Poussin, a clever Sir Joshua, and some fair landscapes, English and foreign. Other paintings, such as the Francias, have been frequently dilated on, and these, the Vandycks, Rubens, and Wilsons, may be added to the catalogue. The inference remains abundantly clear, that at this moment we have in reality made no collection worthy of a great nation; and until sufficient space be occupied by *all* the schools, each in itself, as far as circumstances admit, *complete*, this stigma must continue. We know that an absolute reform in this matter is the wish immediately next the heart of her Majesty's illustrious consort, and we trust that it may be ultimately fulfilled. It is also certain that Sir Robert Peel has in his own mind decided on the erection of a fitting edifice as the national receptacle of art.—*Court Journal*.

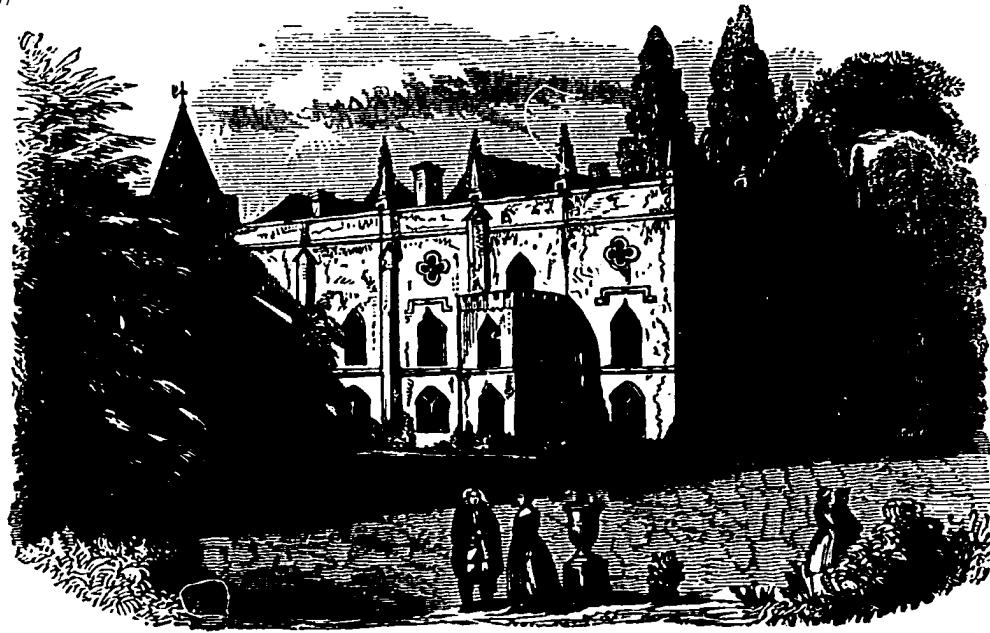
PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WE know not how it is, but it is nevertheless true, that almost any European nation can boast of a more complete gallery of the ancient masters than ourselves, not only as to quantity, but quality and fitness of classification and combination in the various schools and styles. Again, we repeat, we know not how all this arises, for we are convinced that among the trustees of the National Gallery are judges eminently qualified for the task of selection. We fancy we hear some exclaim, "Yes, they are so *individually*," and perhaps this is a clue to the dilemma; for it is in their collective capacity, controlled by many interests, much unnecessary timidity, and considerable distrust of each other's acumen, that we feel it compulsory to reprobate their proceedings.

In lieu of the united vigilance which should have been exercised in retaining pictures of great and undoubted value, they have been allowed to leave the country, and others of third rate merit have been most extravagantly paid for. But then comes the question, *Who* is specifically to blame where all are irresponsible? As it now stands, no one will pretend to argue that the National Gallery is calculated to benefit the country by advancing taste among the multitude, and stimulating a progression in artistic feeling. In the first place, the building itself is wholly unfit for the purposes to which it is applied, since it is almost impossible to procure an adequate disposition of *light* for any single picture in the collection. Look at the galleries at Munich, how admirably adapted for their special purposes, neither too long, nor too wide, nor too high; and then how judiciously filled! Whereas we, the most powerful nation in the world, boast, in the year 1842, a national collection of about 180 pictures, very unskillfully hung and distributed. They

PRESENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES. A short time ago a curious wrought mat, composed of 2311 variegated pieces, made by a poor blind widow, of Sidmouth, named Sarah Drew, was forwarded to the Secretary of State, accompanied with a written request that he would cause it to be presented to her Majesty for the young Prince of Wales. The offering has been forwarded to her Majesty.

NATIONAL ART-UNION.—The patrons and lovers of art in every part of the kingdom will be happy to learn, from a prospectus which appears in another department of our journal, that a new Art-Union is on the point of being established, similar to those already existing, in its general features, and identical with them in its object, but more comprehensive in its scope, embracing a wider range of locality, (as intimated by its title of "National,") and including new features, which offer such manifest comparative advantages to its supporters over those of all other Art-Unions, that the result—if the promises held out by the new institution are realized—must compel them either to adopt similar arrangements, or veil their pretensions to those of their new rival. The first advantage the prospectus of the new society promises, or rather guarantees, is, that no subscription will be demanded till the equivalent offered for it is ready to be presented to the subscriber. This condition at once puts an end to those vexatious delays in the delivery of the prints subscribed for, which have so much offended subscribers, and injured the societies permitting them. Another advantage, also guaranteed, is, that subscribers will have a *choice* of at least three or four prints for each guinea subscribed. The other advantages are less specific, relating as they do to the superior *quality* of the print to be allotted; and as this must, for the present, remain in the form of a *fair promise*, we need not allude to it further than to say that the projectors look to the *electrotype* as the means of accomplishing this desirable end. All the plates, it appears, are to be *in line*. In regard to the grand feature of the plans of existing Art-Unions, the prizes to be distributed among subscribers, in addition to their prints, we must refer to the very clear and specific prospectus of the "National Art-Union," wishing the society, in the mean time, all the success which a fulfilment of its promises will unquestionably deserve at the hands of the English public.



STRAWBERRY HILL.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

"The following account of pictures and rarities is given with a view to their future dispersion. The several purchasers will find a history of their purchases; nor do virtuosos dislike to refer to such a catalogue for an authentic certificate of their curiosities."—*Preface to the "Description of Strawberry Hill," by Horace Walpole.*

LORD ORFORD, scarcely known by his title, but celebrated throughout Europe as Horace Walpole, was one to whose refined taste the present age is as deeply indebted for the impetus which he gave to the study of the works of art of the middle ages, as the century in which he lived for the instruction and amusement afforded by his writings. His letters are enduring monuments of epistolary style; his publications on the fine arts, the drama, fiction, biography, and general literature, attest his various ability; and Strawberry Hill yet remains to show, not only how much could be accomplished by one man, but how admirably he performed the self-allotted task, which was throughout one long labour of love. But Strawberry Hill, with all its treasures, like many a place of older renown, is destined to illustrate the sad truth, that "nothing on earth continueth in one stay," and to this contingency the noble collector of its wealth of art appears to have been fully alive; nay, more, the

this imperfect account, clearly indicates that such was his expectation.

It is impossible to witness, without feelings of regret, the dispersion of objects on whose acquirement a whole life has been spent; but, at the same time, it may be questioned whether this almost inevitable fate be not productive of corresponding advantages. An object is prized, not only from its intrinsic value, but from its association with remarkable events or illustrious names. Thus, the antique mirror, the jewelled goblet, the Damascened blade, may all be beautiful in themselves; but they acquire a rarer value, are invested with far higher attributes, when we know that one of these reflected the fair features of a Mary Stuart, or a Marguerite de Valois; that another was brimmed with ruby wine at the feasts of the chivalrous founder of the Garter; or that a third belonged to the identical poniard which slew a Medicis, or hung by the side of a Du Guesclin. When, in addition to historical recollections, we find that men of taste and learning have subsequently been the possessors of these objects, and have conferred upon them a fresh celebrity, they rise in estimation with each occasion, and are more eagerly sought by the public; the new link gives increased value to the chain; and when, after an interval, they are again dispersed, the circle

of information is widened, and the means of improvement become more generally diffused.

Another view of the case may also be taken: when the collection, as in the present instance, is a large one, a number of its treasures must, of necessity, be hidden or overlooked; while passing from the hands of one to those of many, the reputation of each is distinctly proclaimed by every new possessor.

This thought must reconcile us to the fate of Strawberry Hill, which, as it now stands, we take the last opportunity of describing. In doing so we shall not,—for our space would not admit of it,—follow the details of the catalogue, our object being rather to indicate some of its most striking features, than to guide the reader through all its mazes.

In our passage from the low monastic doorway to the hall of entrance, attention is for a moment arrested by a small, very small oratory, wherein is a saint enshrined, and beyond this by a cloister, which contains two objects of interest. One of these is the portrait of Leonora d'Este, "Dia Helionora," a bas-relief head, in marble. The other attraction is the vase of "the pensive Selima," whose fate inspired another poet. Passing these, the portal of the "Castle" expands, and we enter the hall, whose only light is derived, as Horace Walpole describes, "from lean windows fastened with rich saints in painted glass," and where depends the lantern "which casts the most venerable gloom on the stairs that ever was seen since the days of Abelard."

A narrow passage leads from hence into the "refectory," and here leisure and space are allowed to begin that inquiry which promises so much, and keeps its promise so well. The pictures in this room are, for the most part, family portraits, or those of intimate friends. At the lower end stands the great minister, Sir Robert, in all the glory of the robes of the Garter, and his two wives on either hand: the first, Catherine Shorter, a copy from Kneller, by Jervis,—a very pretty woman, dressed simply in white, with a blue scarf, *en sautoir*; and the second, Maria Skerrett, by Jervis himself, in the costume of a shepherdess; she is very pretty also. Beneath these portraits is placed a beautiful table of Sicilian Jasper, covered with fine old porcelain, and still more antique Etruscan relics, in the shape of bowls and beakers and vases. To return to the

pictures: we have in a row the portraits of Sir Robert's sons and daughters, and of many other distinguished persons. The massive ebony tables, the chairs, of Walpole's own design, that seem built, as no doubt they were, expressly to accommodate the wearers of the wide-spreading skirts of that day; the antique bureau, and the famous clock, by Le Roi; and more than all, the windows ornamented with fragments of Dutch art, (one specimen of which, a cobler at work before an open window, whistling to a bird in a cage, is marvellous for its effect,) are not among the least attractions of the refectory.

Ascending the staircase, we pause at the first landing-place, and then enter the breakfast room, "furnished with blue paper and blue and white linen." It is the prettiest and most cheerful place that can be imagined, and is filled with objects of various kinds, miniatures predominating. Of these, there are two frames, carefully concealed by green silk blinds, which contain so many perfect gems. The first consists of nine miniatures, principally by Isaac and Peter Oliver, and is devoted to Sir Kenelm Digby and his family. The second frame contains fifteen miniatures, chiefly by Hilliard and Petitot. In other parts of the room are, Holbein, by himself; Cowley the poet, by Sir Peter Lely; the Comte de Grammont, &c.

Before we approach the library, the small, but curious collection, meets the view, which Walpole called his "Armory;" and thus describes:—"A vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields, made of rhinoceros' hides, broad-swords, quivers, long-bows, arrows, and spears; all *supposed* to have been taken by Sir Terry Robsart, (an ancestor,) in the Holy Wars." Here we find, in a niche, on the staircase, the armour of Francis the First, of steel-gilt, and covered with bas-reliefs; his lance is of ebony, inlaid with silver, his sword steel, beautifully inlaid with gold, and probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini. It is a magnificent suit, and at once recalls the figure of the gallant monarch; far more effectively, indeed, than the splendid armour in the Louvre, which appears to want height. Two shields for tournaments hang near it, painted by Polydore; one bears the head of Medusa, the other that of Perseus. An alto-relievo, in oak, of Henry the Third of England, of his time, stands over the armory, and within it are the various contents enumerated by Walpole, with some things not

described by him; for instance, a singular relic of the Norman rule, &c.

Our next step is the transition from war to peace—from the armory to the library; where, ranged in cases, modelled from the choir of Old St. Paul's, are collected about 15,000 volumes. Of these, we shall refer only to the least known, which are contained in a small glass case. The first, and in our estimation, most valuable, is a book of original drawings, by *Janet*, formerly in the possession of *Brantôme*, and subsequently in that of *Mariette*, the famous collector, who has written the following inscription inside the cover:—"Recueil des portraits des Princes et Princesses et des Seigneurs et Dames qui composoient la Cour de François 1er, Roy de France, a appartenu sans doute à Brantôme. Ce qui me le fait préjuger c'est que plusieurs des inscriptions sont écrites de sa main. Je m'en suis assuré par la confrontation que j'en ay faite avec un MS. authentique tout corrigé de la main de ce célèbre écrivain. (Signed) Mariette." The portraits are all in pencil, tinted with red chalk, like the drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which they fully equal; and amongst them we find some noble heads: Francis the First, Louise of Savoy, Margaret of Navarre, Diane de Poitiers, Lautrec, the Admiral Bonnivet, Claude de France, Francis the Second, the Baron de Figeac, Madelaine de France the first wife of James the Fifth of Scotland, and some thirty more. It is a priceless volume, though Horace Walpole got it cheap enough.

Amongst the printed books, the most curious and rare are, "The New Year's Gift," written by "Microphilus" (the dwarf Jeffery Hudson,) and presented by him, in 1638, to Henrietta, the queen of Charles the First; "Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, Reine de Navarre;" a copy of Virgil, printed by Baskerville, with drawings on the covers by Lady Diana Beauclerc; on the edges, which are highly gilt, is a view of Blenheim, which disappears altogether when the volume is closed. The identical copy of Homer used by Pope for his translation; it is a small Amsterdam edition, date 1707, with the text in Greek and Latin, and bears this inscription: "E Latini, A. Pope, 1714;" and lower down, "Finished y^e translation in Feb. 1719-20, A. Pope;" it is illustrated by a pencil sketch of Twickenham Church by the poet's own hand; two school-books of Horace Walpole, Homer and Horace, very

small and neat; "Lettres et Mémoires du Chevalier d'Eon," by him-(*her*)-self, with several portraits, printed in London by Jacques Dixwell, 1764; the "Catalogue of the King's (Charles the First's) collection of limnings," published at Walpole's expense; Genealogical History of Yvery, London, 1742; 2 vols. large 8vo., printed by H. Walpole, and never sold; the Earl of Northumberland's Household-book, &c.

Of other rarities, are a letter from Catherine Parr, the widow of Henry the Eighth, written in the year she died, "to her constant Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral of England," and signed, "Catherine, the Queen, K. P.;" and a most characteristic letter from Oliver Cromwell to his wife, the day after the battle of Dunbar.

Amongst the many curious books in the glass closet in the library, a few more must be specially adverted to; for instance, that singular work, entitled, "BIZARIE di varie Figure di Giovanbatista Bracelli, Pittore Fiorentino, All' ill^o S. Don Pietro Medici,"—of which Walpole says:—"This most rare and singular book contains prints of human figures formed by the strangest materials—as diamonds, hoops, bladders, pieces of carpentry, battle-doors, kitchen-stuff, &c. &c. It seems to be the composition of a madman, but the drawings are masterly, and the attitudes most noble." Its rarity is not, indeed, its only recommendation. Another scarce book is one of patterns for old point lace; and, almost unique, are two "Books of Swan-marks," on vellum. "The Spanish English Rose, or the English Spanish Pomegranate," is another curiosity. It was written by one Michael du Val, in honour of the proposed marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta, whose portrait appears in the frontispiece. It is doubly dedicated,—first, by the translator to King James the First; and next, by the author, to "Count Gondomar, Lord Diego Sarmento de Acuña, &c. &c." On the cover is the device of a cockatrice, surrounded by the motto of the Garter, and surmounted by a marquess's coronet. Did it ever belong to the favourite, Buckingham, who was a marquess and a knight of the Garter, when he went to Spain to negotiate the marriage, and was only created a duke during his absence? The conjecture is more than probable. The closet also contains a complete set of the books printed at Strawberry Hill, and, perhaps not the least curious, a memorandum-book be-

longing to Colonel Walpole, which is thus described inside the cover, in the handwriting of Horace:—

“This was the account-book of my grandfather, Robert Walpole, father of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, when he came up to parliament without his wife and family.”

It may not be amiss to offer some extracts from this record of the disbursements of a country gentleman in the seventeenth century:—

“ITEMS OF EXPENSE.

	£	s.	d.
Oct. 22, 1690. My passage to London and my expenses on y ^e roade	3	7	8
23 My dinner and morning's drop	0	2	6
<i>Nottingham ale</i>	0	1	6
24 My dinner	0	1	6
Coach hire	0	2	6
Spent (probably in charity)	0	0	9
A writing booke	0	0	6
25 Paid my boy, for a week's boarde, from this day	0	3	6
Paid for votes, and y ^e king's speech and addresses, from y ^e beginning	0	2	3
Paid for a black pencil	0	0	3
Paid for a purse and booke	0	1	6
Paid for y ^e outside of my red wast ^d	0	19	0
26 Paid for a paire of shoes	0	4	0
<i>Lambeth ale</i>	0	0	6
Coffee-house, and paid y ^e boy	0	0	4
27 Coach hire	0	1	0
Dinner	0	1	6
<i>Joane's bill for oysters and two diners</i>	0	4	0
29 Lent Mr. Pflatman	0	1	6
Paid for 2 linkes	0	0	6
<i>Given Bob (afterwards prime minister)</i>	0	5	0
<i>To Mrs. Hackwell's maid</i>	0	2	6
<i>Paid for 3 other wigs</i>	0	1	5
15 Paid for carriage of hares, &c. from Bishopsgate, and y ^e porter	2	12	6
18 Given at Mr. Folkes his chring. (christening)	0	3	6
Dec. 3 Paid for <i>Nottingham ale</i>	3	4	0
4 Lent Bob	0	3	6
10 Paid Jack, besides the <i>Nottingham ale</i>	0	5	0
20 Paid for Mr. Pepys booke	0	1	11
29 Paid Jacke for ale	0	3	6
Jan. 4, 1691. Given Mr. Negus his man	0	9	6
Nov. 19 Paid T. (who was T? !?)	0	2	6
20 Coach hire	12	18	0
<i>Rosa Solis</i>	0	1	0
Nov. 22 Paid for 3 hats for my sons	0	2	6
Jan. 1, 1692. A glass of essence	1	1	6
26 Paid Mr. Stenton for a new hilt and fixing my rapier	0	1	0
Feb. 24 Penny post letters	1	5	0
Mar. 12 Paid for a bottle of <i>vsqybath</i> (us. quebaugh)	0	0	6
13 Given Bob and Horace	0	3	0
27 A bottle of wine &c. &c. &c.	0	5	0

Of the portraits above the library we shall say nothing,—they are all family ones; but a few miniatures must be noticed, as well as a curious padlock in the shape of a hand, a

bronze lamp of the Cinque cento, and many urns, ossuaria and antique relics.

The star-chamber, though rich in painted glass, cabinets of medals, old coslers, and triangular Welsh chairs, “picked up by Dicky Bateman for three and sixpence a piece,” will not detain us long—though, if we examined only the coins *seriatim*, our stay might “stretch to the crack of doom.”

The Holbein chamber claims our attention next, the contents of which refer for the most part to the time of the great artist, whom we find not only a painter but a sculptor. Witness the exquisitely carved head of Henry the Eighth in box-wood. Here is the original chair of the last Abbot of Glastonbury, from which so many copies have been made; it is of oak and bears various inscriptions—“Johannes Arthurus Monacus Glastonie, &c.,” testifying its origin. The ebony table and chairs of the same wood (of which there are nearly three dozen in different parts of the building) are exceedingly beautiful; and a number of ancient combs (one of which, of ivory, is said to have belonged to Queen Bertha, and another, of tortoise shell, given with more likelihood to Mary Queen of Scots) are singularly curious. But, perhaps, the chiefest amongst this class of relics is the red hat of Cardinal Wolsey—the token of his ecclesiastical dignity; it is carefully preserved in a glass case. The pictures are numerous: here we find all those traced by Vertue from the originals by Holbein, now at Windsor or Hampton Court; a portrait of Charlotte de France, by Janet; a curious one of Louis the Eleventh, praying, with an open missal before him, in the shape of a heart; Mary Queen of Scots—of course, unlike all others, &c. &c.

The grand gallery, of really noble dimensions and superbly decorated, now lures our willing feet towards the richest treasures of Strawberry. We find we have not left ourselves space to dilate upon them as they deserve, and our observations must be briefly directed to the most precious objects. Foremost amongst them is the magnificent Roman eagle, found within the precincts of the baths of Caracalla, in 1742. It well deserves the reputation which it enjoys, of being “one of the finest pieces of Greek sculpture in the world.” Here are the fine vases and cisterns of *majolica*, of which the figures on the latter were designed by Giulio Romano. Here, too, an exquisite cosler, glittering with mother-of-pearl, and reflecting every ray from

the stained windows above it; a bust of Vespasian, in basalt; beautiful bronzes, and pictures, interesting from their antiquity and intrinsic worth. Of the latter are, the marriage of Henry the Seventh; a group, by Janet, of Catherine de Medicis, her three sons, Francis, Charles, and Henry, successively kings of France, and Marguerite de Valois; the full length portrait of Lord Falkland, in white, by Van Somer, which suggested the incident of the picture walking out of its frame, in the "Castle of Otranto;" Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and his royal bride; the beautiful Laura Walpole, Countess of Waldegrave and Duchess of Gloucester, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many more to which we cannot even allude.

A peep at the round drawing-room at the extremity of the gallery shews us fine stained windows, shedding their parti-coloured light on vases of porcelain and services of silver; where, above the rich, mosaic chimney-piece, stand silver beakers and jars, valuable for their weight of metal alone,—to say nothing of their workmanship; where the China of Sevre vies with the faenza of Florence, and the portrait of Vandyke's ladye-love, Mistress Lemon, looks smilingly down, a pendant to his own picture in the Louvre. The Countesses of Leicester and Carlisle, by the same inimitable hand, grace the same chamber; a vase of majolica bears the arms of France and the Medici, and probably belonged to Catherine; and ivory cups and objects of Indian art lie scattered on the tables. Getting glimpses at every turn of closets filled with China, and painted glass, and models in terra-cotta and marble, we proceeded to the north chamber, filled, like every other, with pictures, antiquities, and objects of *vertù*.

The adjoining room—the last we shall venture to dwell upon, is the "Tribune." "It is a square, with a semi-circular recess in the middle of each side, painted stone colour with gilt ornaments, and with windows and niches, the latter taken from those on the sides of the north door of the great church at St. Albans; the roof, which is taken from the chapter-house at York, is terminated by a star of yellow glass that throws a golden gloom all over the room, and with the painted windows gives it the solemn air of a rich chapel. The windows contain a head of Christ and two apostles, one in the middle of each, set round with four histories, all old, but finely recoloured by Price, and surrounded with most beau-

tiful mosaics of the purest taste." But the form of this room, graceful though it be, is its least attractive feature; the numberless works of art with which it is filled constitute the real charm.

To detail the wonders contained in this beautiful room would claim a volume for itself; what justice then can be done to it in a few lines? There is a cabinet containing at least a hundred miniatures by Petitot and other great masters; and glass cases on either hand, the shelves of which are loaded with relics. Amongst the latter, gleaming with gold and jewels, is the missal painted by Raffaello and his scholars for Claude de France, the Queen of François Premier. It is covered with turquoises and rubies, and on each cover is an enormous cornelian, with an intaglio of the crucifixion on one side, and a relieve on the other; it is very small and might be worn as an ornament. The famous Florentine boar, the Jupiter Serapis, the dagger of Henry the Eighth, snuff-boxes, medals, intaglios, rings, and gems of every conceivable kind crowd upon the view, and it only wants the silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini to bewilder us with the perfection of art. After seeing this we cease to admire that which is worthy of all praise: Callot's battle piece, the portrait of Madame de Sévigné, the letter written in her name from the Elysian Fields, by Madame du Deffand, and pictures and bronzes without end, pass before us in succession, and leave us still amazed at the untiring perseverance of the man who heaped up all these treasures, now about to be spread once more over Europe.

It is impossible to describe in detail the elegant curiosities in the China room, which is filled with porcelain of all kinds, of various ages and different countries:—Faenza, painted by Pietro da Cortona; plates of Venitian glass, of Japan, of Saxon, of Vienna, and of Sevre ware; Roman lacrymatories and glasses, and china cups and saucers and vases without end.

Before we terminate this notice, we must take our readers outside, and lead them to the little chapel which stands in the southwest corner of the wood, and was built after the tomb of Edward Audley, Bishop of Salisbury, in that cathedral. Besides some fine painted glass, brought from the church of Bexhill, in Sussex, whereon appear the portraits of Henry III. and his Queen, Eleanor of Provence, it contains a magnificent shrine of mosaic, three stories high, of Byzantine

workmanship, which is described in a tablet over the door as having been "brought, in the year 1768, from the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome," having originally been "erected in the year 1256, over the bodies of the holy martyrs, Simplicius, Faustina, and Beatrix, by John James Capoccio and Vinia his wife, and was the work of Peter Cavalini, who made the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey."

At this shrine we offer up our prayers for the worthy bestowal of the scattered treasures of Strawberry Hill.

THE POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN,

Campbell's Foreign Monthly Magazine; or, Select Miscellany of the Periodical Literature of Great ...Jan-Apr 1843; 2, American Periodicals
pg. 15

THE POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN,

DURING the present century, has been in the following ratio :—

1801 . . .	10,472,048	Decennial Increase.
1811 . . .	11,969,364	. . . 1,497,316
1821 . . .	14,073,331	. . . 2,103,967
1831 . . .	16,260,381	. . . 2,187,050
1841 . . .	18,656,414	. . . 2,396,033

The statistics collected for the purpose of establishing a comparison of the sources of income in 1814 and at the present time, show an increase in the rent of houses from £16,260,000 to £25,000,000; in tithes, mines, quarries, canals, iron works, &c., from £4,470,000 to £8,429,000, the dividends of railways, a fresh source of income, and other property of a similar class, being included in the latter amount; in the profits of trades and professions from £38,310,000 to £56,000,000. In the income of public officers there is, on the other hand, a decrease from £11,744,000 to £7,000,000.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.*

BY ONE OF THE BRIEFLLESS.

LETTER I.—THE PREPARATIONS.

Edinburgh, 30th August, 1842,
Charlotte Square.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,—Doubtless you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me bearing the Edinburgh postmark; and still more so, when you learn, that for the last fortnight I have been wandering in breechless majesty in the Land of Cakes, instead of attending to my duties on the Northern Circuit. These duties, God knows, are not very difficult to discharge; for though, as you know, I have pursued the Judges for these three years with all the stupid pertinacity of a millhorse, my whole aggregate of fees has scarcely sufficed to pay the charges of keeping my wig in repair. As usual, the bigwigs had all the luck. "I sighed and looked, sighed and looked, sighed and looked again," at those lovely Thaises the attorneys; but they were impervious alike to glances and to groans. At last, finding that briefs were *not* to be bagged, and hearing from my friend M'Donald that grouse were, I pitched Blackstone and Chitty to the infernal gods; and having first shipped off my gown and wig for the Temple per rail, I shipped myself per steam to the *terra incognita* of Scotland.

I arrived at Glasgow in the midst of a dense fog, accompanied by a close drizzling rain—a pleasant combination of the vapour and shower bath, which the waiter at the hôtel assured me was "a fine saft drappin' wather, (*Anglicè* weather,) and uncoomon guid for the craps." Not being in any way interested in the "craps," however, and finding strong symptoms of an asthmatic cough coming on, I resolved to bid adieu to the western metropolis, and fled to join my friend M'Donald in Blair Athole.

I had immolated a hecatomb of grouse, and began to drink whisky like a native,

* Although this article is upon a theme somewhat hackneyed by the penny-a-liners of the London press, whose loyal and lengthy narratives of the royal visit to Scotland have been extensively republished in the American newspapers, yet we promise our readers that they will find in these pages an entirely fresh account of the whole affair,—as fresh as if no other writer had pennen a word about it.—*Ed. Camp. Mag.*

when a rumour reached us that the Queen was to visit Scotland. It had been officially announced by the "special correspondent" of *The Caledonian Mercury*, that her Majesty and her princely Consort, sick of the monotony alike of Windsor and the Green Park, had resolved upon a crusade among "the Children of the Mist." The country to a man jumped at the intelligence. All the exuberant loyalty of the nation began to effervesce. The fiery-cross flew from hill to hill. Peer and peasant, laird and citizen thought, spoke, and dreamt of nothing else. Bagpipes, whose drones had been dumb since the Avatar of George the Fourth, were heard in the still of the evening, to wheeze an asthmatic pibroch to the tune of "Carle, now the King's come." Claymores, that had rusted in their sheath since last brandished in the faces of Cumberland's horsemen at Culloden, were taken down from the wall, subjected to a searching scrutiny of sand, and furbished up for a demonstration of adherence (this time) to the reigning house. Heather and thistles were at a premium; and the flags and banners of the Reform era of 1832 reappeared after a renovating dip in the dyer's tub, and some important alterations in the article of motto and device.

It was amusing to remark the anxiety of the populace in the little sequestered hamlets to know, whether their native place would not be selected for some special honour in the course of the Royal progress. Such exclamations as the following were heard on all hands:—"Will the Queen no come to Lochgellie?" "Shure, she'll bide twa three days wi' Sir Jone at Auchtermuchty!" "Hur canna come north, and no pe veesit ta Macallummore!" "Div' ye think, Jock," inquired a sturdy burgess's wife of Pittenweem of her bewildered gude-man, "that oor Provost will be knichtit?" "Wha's to gie her Majesty the keys o' Anst'er?" inquired an ex-bailie of that disfranchised burgh, in blank despair. "Deil's in't, if she disna' come to Kirlenny!" ejaculated the leading grocer of that great city; while, I believe, strong denunciations of personal violence were openly held out by several of the leading gentry of Crail, should her Majesty refuse to tarry among them for a space, until the freedom of their burgh should be presented to Prince Albert in a pewter box. With all their loyalty, the Scotch are confoundedly jealous of each other, and ready to pull caps for the possession of their beloved sovereign. Pray hea-

ven, this Royal visit may not prove the apple of discord among the Royal Burghs. Leith and Edinburgh already look moodily at each other. Glasgow sucks its thumb in disappointed silence; and the inhabitants of Alloa have all but declared war against the indwellers of Kinross, because these latter happen to hold their local habitation on the north road by which her Majesty must inevitably pass, on her way to Perth and Taymouth Castle.

Several days before her Majesty was expected to arrive, the tide of population began to set in steadily towards the metropolis; and the crowded appearance of the stage-coaches warned me that I had no time to lose, if I wished to secure comfortable quarters in Edinburgh. Accordingly I yielded to the stream, and arrived here two days ago. You know what Edinburgh is in the summer—the blank array of closed window-shutters, and the desolation of its untrodden streets. Very different did I find the state of matters on my arrival. The streets swarmed—and hôtel-keepers, as somebody says,

—repenting of their sin,
Declared they could not take one other in.

Beds were commonly charged at a guinea a-night; and I was in some perplexity where to lay my head, when accident threw me in the way of our old friend and brother of the bar, M—, who kindly offered me the hospitality of his roof.

I hardly knew him at first sight; for, instead of being arrayed in “his customary suit of solemn black,” he had converted himself into the likeness of “these misbegotten knaves in Kendal green,” whom Falstaff did *not* slay. In plain language, *horresco referens*! he had donned a close-fitting green tunic, green small-clothes, and green cap with a sable plume therein, and flourished as a mighty man of valour, with bow in hand, and half-a-dozen arrows stuck in his belt, with the feathers uppermost, and projecting *au derrière* like a diminutive peacock’s tail. This, he tells me, is the costume of the Royal Archers, a corps whose privilege it is to act as body-guard to her Majesty while in Scotland; and I have since observed numbers of them, and, among others, several London men, rushing about the streets with an air of frantic importance, which leads me to conclude that this gallant band are at present labouring under a slight epidemic attack of insanity. Their talk is most martial,—

“right face,” and “left wheel,” being the most intelligible of their current phrases; and as they are called out to drill twice a-day, and it has been announced that none will be allowed to fall *into* the ranks except those who are reported by their drill-sergeant as not likely to fall *out* of them, I have no doubt they will cut a most distinguished figure in the ensuing processions. Undeniably, they are a fine-looking set of fellows; but at the same time, it is equally undeniable that their uniform gives them somewhat the air of overgrown children in disguise. I suspect I shall see little of M— for the next two or three days, as he hints, that the body guard will be constantly called out to duty.

I have been killing time by perambulating the streets in search of such fragments of intelligence as were to be picked up. There has been talk of her Majesty wishing to make this a private visit. The thing is impossible. There may be no pageant such as ushered in the arrival of George the Fourth. There can, *ehu!* be no Sir Walter to marshal the clans, and give one impulse to the assembled nation. There will be no apparition of a Lord Lyon, with his heralds and pursuivants buckramed to the teeth in stiff tabards of crimson and gold; no Lord High Constable or Knight Marischal in panoply of steel, with metamorphosed squires clinging in desperation to their saddles—but likewise there will be no privacy. Privacy! The very idea is preposterous. Is any body so stupid as to imagine, that the first entry of her Majesty into her “Auld kingdom of Scotland” is to pass with as little notice as the return of a Lord Provost to his native city, after presenting a loyal and dutiful address? No, no, there can be no privacy. The dress of the nineteenth century may supersede the older costumes that variegated the streets in 1822: but that will be all.

Meanwhile, that “great and important body” of cherubs, who sit up aloft in the Royal Exchange, and preside over the fate of Edinburgh—I mean the Town Council—have been doing wonders in the way of preparation, in which the question of pounds, shillings and pence has, with singular good taste, been continually prominent. Much fiery debate has been held on the subject of cocked-hats, and a new ermine robe proposed to be provided for the provost. A remit to two of their body—knights of the shears—to inquire into the state of the civic

gowns, has ended in a report that they were in a fragmentary state of dilapidation, which no tailor's surgery could cure. Of course, a new supply at the cheapest rates was voted; when again a fearful difficulty arose in the item of hackney coaches, to carry their worships to and fro during the ceremonies. One exemplary guardian of the public purse entered his protest "against the old, rotten, abominable, aristocratic system of entertaining the rich at the expense of the poor." Most of the council, however, with an air of lordly indifference, announced their intention of scattering the civic funds to the winds of heaven on this auspicious occasion; while the city treasurer declared, in a paroxysm of unprecedented generosity, that he would not be able to say "No" to any demand on the burgh funds for a month to come. The beautiful steeple of St. Giles, upon the suggestion of some of their number, more conspicuous than the rest for his knowledge of the Fine Arts, has been painted all over with some cream-coloured abomination, that it might look spruce and cleanly in the Royal eyes. One poetic bailie suggested that the streets from Granton to Holyrood should be strewed with flowers; but the proposal was rejected, after an animated discussion, as heathenish and prelatic; and pounded earth (which, if to-morrow be wet, will mean *mud*) having been voted a fit and economical substitute, has been liberally scattered over the causeway along the whole line of her Majesty's approach. Finally, these deep deliberations have ended in the concoction of the inclosed memorandum of the approaching procession, in which provision is made for the Town Council, and for not a soul besides. In fact, to judge by the style of these worthies' proceedings, one might suppose it was *them*, and not Scotland, that her Majesty was visiting.

You see, therefore, that so far as the Council are concerned, every thing has been satisfactorily arranged. Meanwhile, sea-faring Leith lies wrapped in gloomy rebellion. "Five of your Majesty's ancestors," said a soul-rending remonstrance forwarded a day or two ago to the foot of the throne, "have honoured the pier of Leith with the pressure of their royal toes. Are thy servants dogs, that upstart Granton should be preferred to our ancient burgh?" But plaintive as was this appeal, the royal soul remained unmoved. Leith boils through all her veins. She murmureth angrily along her shore; and

should her Majesty still disregard her paramount claims to dirty the royal slipper, why then—the town wont illuminate! Dismal catastrophe!

It hath been notified that a Drawing-Room or Levée, or mixture of both, will be held on Friday; and accordingly every presentable person, and that means half the population, has been giving in his card to Sir William Martin's to day. No doubt there will be enough of high blood, brilliant talent, gallant bearing, and surpassing beauty, to grace the first drawing-room in the world; but then the town-councillors from Jeddart to Thurso, and their wives, and daughters, and sandy-haired sons, and all manner of country parsons and rural scribes, and distillers from the Highlands, and excisemen from the Lowlands, and lieutenants of yeomanry, and the Lord knows whom besides, must needs be presented, or otherwise be disgraced for ever. The mixture, therefore, you may be sure, cannot but prove as heterogeneous as the contents of a pawnbroker's shelves, but so much the better. Meanwhile the tailors are at work for dear life—scarce time allowed for needful cucumber and cabbage; and Donaldson of the Albion's whiskers expand in neglected luxuriance. The hot goose runs hissing over miles of broad cloth, and the star of tape is in the zenith. Philipps has arrived with a whole Holywell Street of refreshed court suits. Men stand at shop doors, girding their thighs with every imaginable kind of rapier. Ladies are closeted with milliners, discussing the hidden mysteries of satin petticoats and tulle slips. Grandmothers are besieged for their treasures of Brussels and point-lace, and the country, from sea to sea, is ransacked for ostrich feathers. I see an advertisement from a shop in George Street, announcing an arrival of "*Lelong diamond ornaments and Voizet's pearl jewellery*," which the advertiser, amusingly enough, pronounces to be "necessary to complete the court costume;" so that a blaze of Bristol stone of the purest water, and pearls of the most unimpeachable paste may be expected to irradiate the old walls of Holyrood. All the world is on the tiptoe of expectation, and I—am confoundedly tired. So good bye, my boy—I shall let you hear more of these doings as they progress; and now—to bed, Sir Knight. To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures new.

Thine ever, &c., &c.